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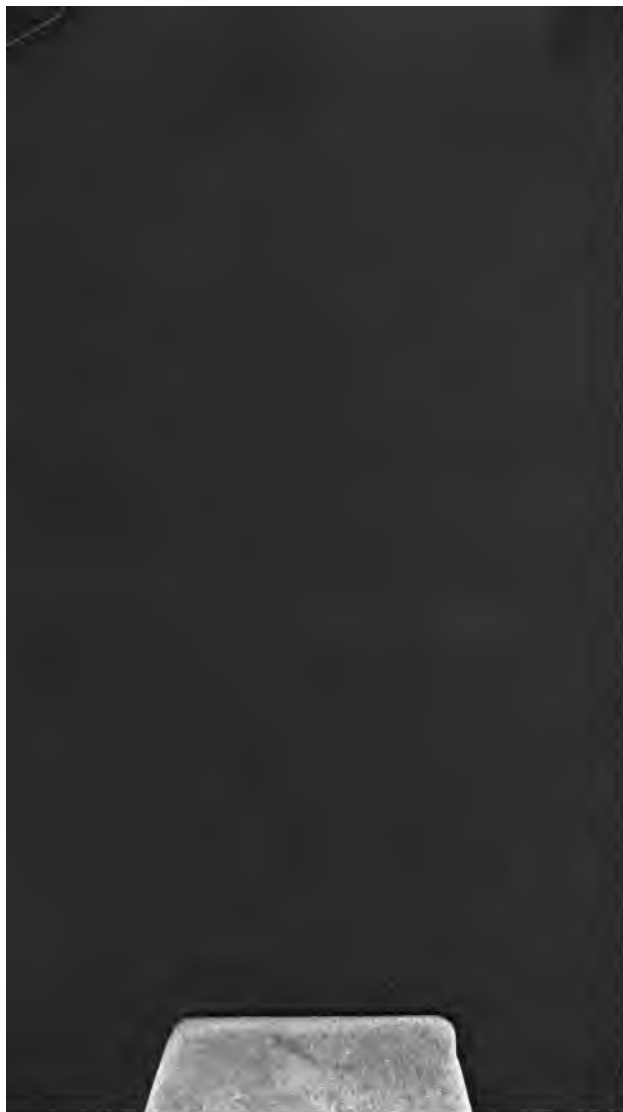
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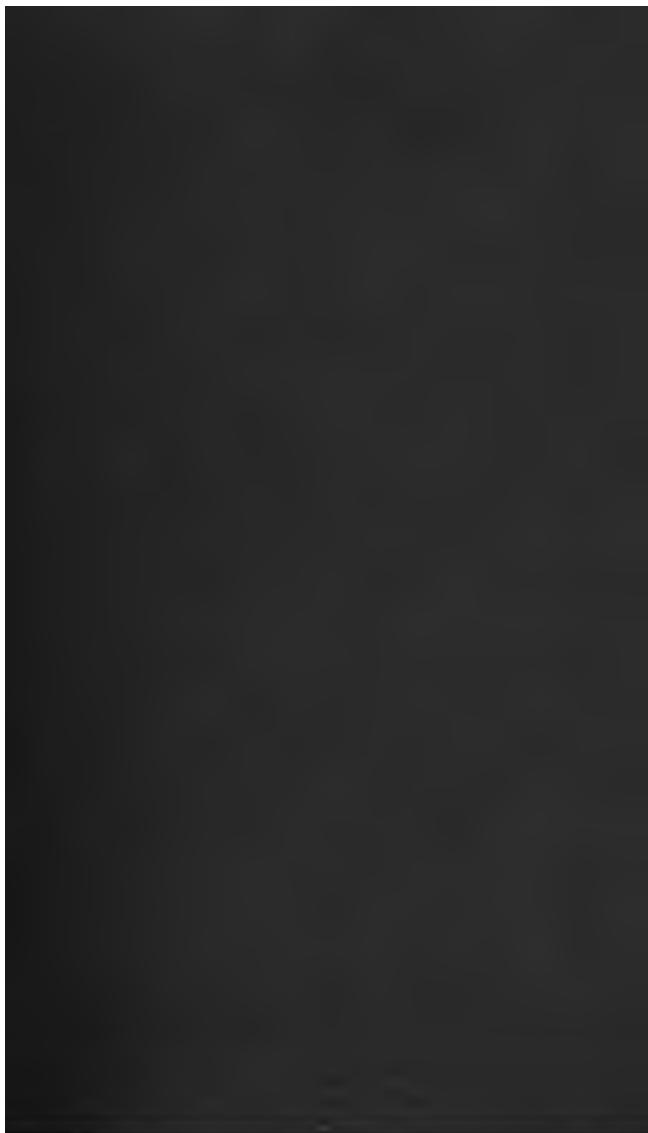
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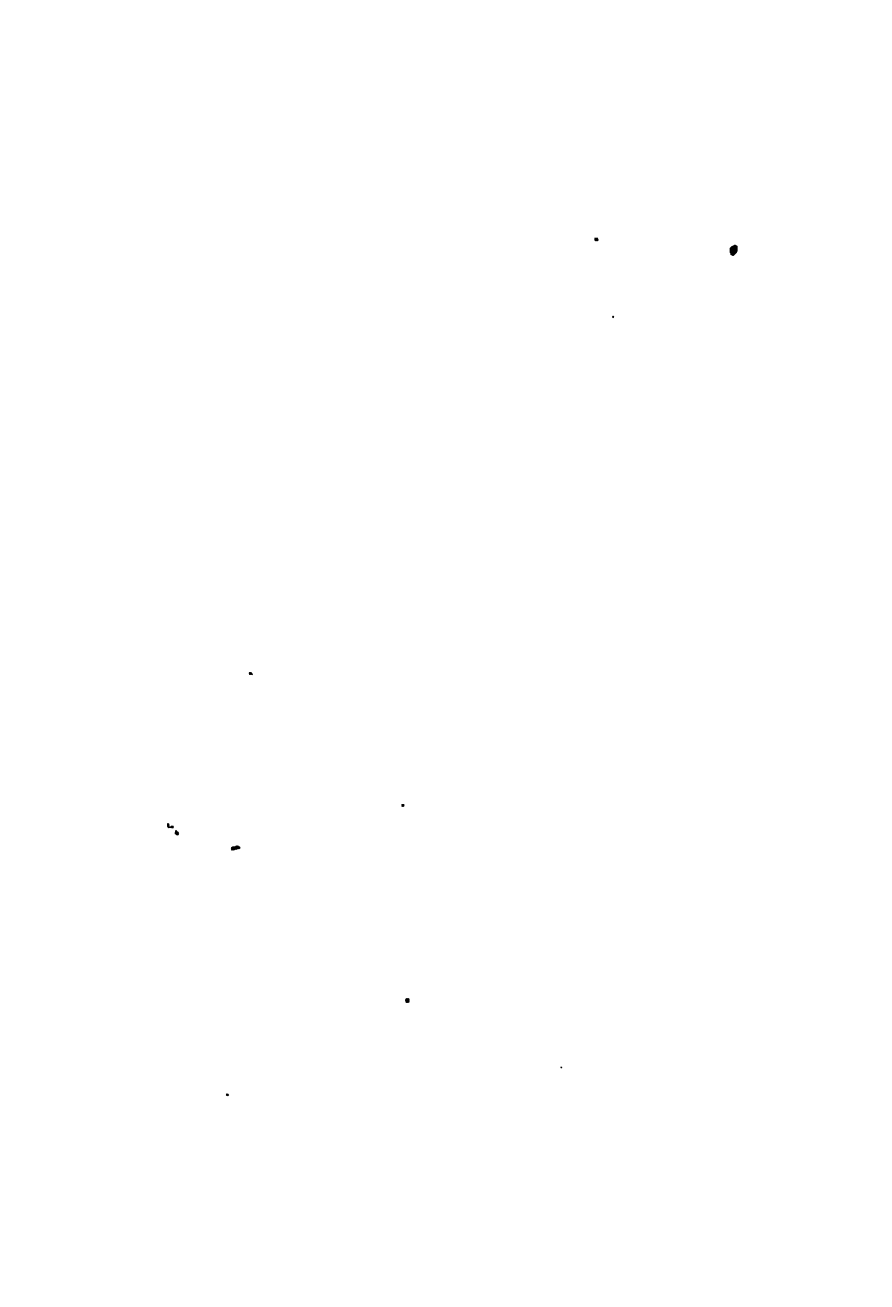
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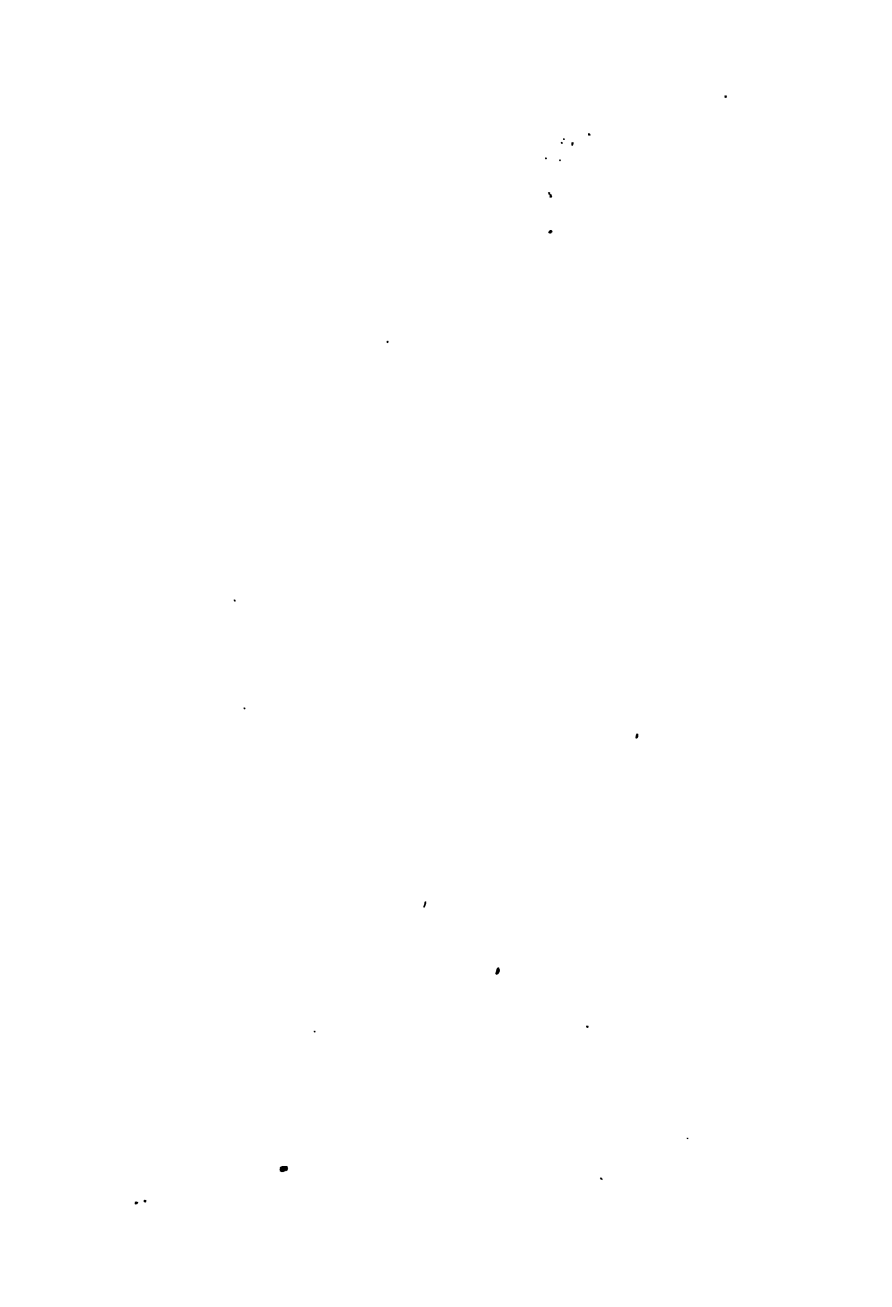






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A
NEW VERSION
OF
THE PSALMS,
IN
BLANK VERSE.



WITH
A LATIN VERSION OF THE EIGHTH PSALM
IN ALCAIC VERSE.

BY THE
REV. THOMAS DENNIS,
CURATE OF HASLEMERE, SURREY.

LONDON:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE particular occasion on which many of the Psalms were composed, and the general tendency of them to keep up and confirm the principles of genuine piety, having been already treated of by several writers of distinguished abilities, any further testimonial in commendation thereof may justly be considered unnecessary and superfluous.

The Version of the Psalms here offered to the public in Blank Verse, however defective and short of correctness and elegance it may be in that kind of composition, yet perhaps may not be unacceptable to many readers. A different dress and variety of diction may be pleasing to some persons, and be the means of supplying them with new sentiments of religious devotion.

As the Reviewers will not fail to deliver an impartial and just opinion respecting the following Version, (if deemed worthy of their notice,) the opportunity is now taken of disclaiming any fond conceit in the execution of it:—with this remark, then, it must be submitted to their decision.

The intent of publishing it will be answered, if, in one point of view, it be found useful and conducive to the promoting religious meditation in the different ranks of society; and if, in another light, it should prove instrumental to the better support of the writer's circumstances and condition in life. His gratitude (he thinks fit to express) will be adequate to any success the work may meet with.

THE
PSALMS,
IN
BLANK VERSE.

PSALM I.

BLEST is the man who in the scorner's chair
Hath never sat, nor with th' ungodly walk'd :
But his delight is in the law of God,
That law his constant study. As a tree,
Beside the streams of living water set,
Will flourish ever, and its fruit produce,—
So this man and his works shall prosper still.
Not so the wicked :—they are like the chaff
Driv'n by the wind, and scatter'd o'er the earth :
They shall not stand in judgement, with the pure

In their assemblies they shall not unite.
The just man's way is pleasing to the Lord ;
The way of sinners in perdition ends.

PSALM II.

WHY do the Heathen insolently rage?
Why do the people meditate vain things?
The kings and potentates on earth conspire
Against Jehovah and against his Christ.
How vain their rage! 'Come, let us break,' say
they,
'Their bands asunder, and their cords destroy.'
The heav'nly king beholds them with contempt,
And blasts indignant all their bold designs.
'My king I've set on Sion's holy hill ;
My Son, this day begotten. Ask of me,
To thee I'll give the nations of the world,
And all the sea-girt earth for thy domain.
Thou with an iron rod shalt bruise thy foes,
And tread them under foot as potter's clay.'

Be wise, ye kings : Ye judges of the earth,
Learn the true wisdom ; serve the Lord with fear,
With trembling joy receive his holy word.
Kiss ye the Son, lest his enkindled wrath
Consume you, and ye perish from the way.
Blest are all they that put their trust in him.

PSALM III.

How num'rous are mine adversaries, Lord,
Who persecute my soul, and boasting cry,
' Behold the man deserted by his God !'
But thou, O Lord, art my defender, thou
My worship, thou exaltest high my head.
To God I cry'd, to him I rais'd my voice,
And from his holy hill my pray'r he heard.
I laid me down to sleep ; I rose again,
Sustain'd by him. Not thousands of the men
That set themselves against me round about
Shall shake my soul. Rise then, my God, arise !

For thou hast smitten all my foes, and thou
Hast of th' ungodly broke the rav'nous jaws.
Thine is salvation : bless thy people, Lord.

PSALM IV.

HEAR when I call, God of my righteousness !
When in distress thou hast enlarg'd me, Lord :
Have mercy on me, hearken to my pray'r.
Ye sons of men, how long will ye traduce
My character with falsehoods all your own ?
Know this, that God makes choice of godly men ;
The Lord will hear me when I call to him :
Fear him, and sin not ; commune with your heart
Upon your bed, when most retir'd and still.
To him the sacrifice of righteousness
Offer, and put your trust in him alone.
There are that say, ' Who 'll show us any good ?'
Thy countenance, O Lord, the chiefest good,
Do thou lift up. Thou hast rejoic'd my heart . . .

More than when corn, and wine, and oil increas'd.
I'll lay me down in peace, and take my rest,
For thou, Lord, only mak'st me safely dwell.

PSALM V.

INCLINE thine ear unto my words, O Lord,
Consider thou my pond'ring! Hear my voice,
My king, my God; to thee I make my pray'r
When mine eyes open with the dawn of day.
Thou art the God that hatest wickedness,
Neither with thee shall any evil dwell.
The fool, the liar, the deceitful, all
Who thirst for blood, are odious in thy sight.
But as for me, I will approach thy house
Fraught with thy mercies, and in fear of thee
Towards thy holy temple worship pay.
Make straight my way, and let thy righteousness
Lead me, and guard me from my desp'rate foes.
Their heart, their mouth, their throat, are all re-
plete

With lies, with malice deadly as the grave.
Destruction be their lot! O let them fall
Through their own counsels! In the multitude
Of their transgressions (for they have rebell'd
Against thee, Lord), reject them, cast them out.
But let all those that put their trust in thee
Rejoice; yea, let them alway shout for joy.
For thou defendest those that love thy name.
Thou, Lord, wilt blessing to the righteous give,
As with a shield thou wilt encompass him.

PSALM VI.

In thy fierce anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Nor in thy sore displeasure chasten me.
Have mercy on me, and assuage the pain
Of my vext bones, and of my troubled soul.
How long wilt thou thus punish me? Return,
O Lord, and save me for thy mercies sake.
In death no man rememb'reth thee; and who
Shall give thee praises in the silent grave?

I'm weary of my groans ; each night I wash
My bed with tears ; the insults of my foes
Have made mine eyes, now waxen old with grief,
A stream of tears, that never cease to flow.
Depart from me, ye wicked ; hence, away !
The Lord hath heard the voice of my lament,
The Lord hath heard, and will receive my pray'r.
Let then my foes be vex'd, be all turn'd back,
And let their face be cover'd with their shame.

PSALM VII.

O LORD, my God, in thee I've put my trust ;
O save me from the persecuting man,
Lest like a lion he devour my soul,
Tear me in pieces, destitute of help !
O Lord, my God, if I have done this thing ;
If this iniquity be in my hands ;
If I have render'd evil to the man
With whom I was in peace ; (yea, I have spar'd

The life of him who was my deadly foe ;)
Then let him persecute and take my soul,
And let him lay mine honour in the dust.
Arise, O Lord, with indignation check
The fury of my foes ; awake for me
To the appointed judgement ; take thy seat,
And let the people compass thee about.
The Lord shall judge the people. Judge me,
Lord,

And as mine innocence thy sentence be :
Punish the wicked, and confirm the just,
Thou, the great searcher of the heart and reins !
Of God is my defence ; he saves th' upright ;
His patience great, though ev'ry day provok'd.
If a man turn not, he will whet his sword,
His bow is bent, his arrows on the string,
The instruments of death 'gainst persecutors.
Behold the man who, big with vanity,
Conceived mischief, and brought forth a lie.
A pit he digg'd, and he himself is fall'n

PSALM VIII.

9

Into the ditch that was for others made,
On his own head his mischief shall recoil,
His unjust dealing on himself descend.
Thanks will I give, and praise the righteous Lord,
Above all height extol his glorious name.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our governor, how excellent,
How wonderful thy name in all the earth !
Thy glory thou hast set above the heav'ns.
Out of the mouth of babes thou hast ordain'd
Strength, to confound th' avenger and the foe.
When I behold the starry firmament
Thy handy-work, with wonder I exclaim,
' Lord, what is man, whom thou art mindful of !
Or what the son of man, whom thou regard'st !'
Though thou than angels lower hast him made,
Yet thou with majesty hast crown'd his head ;
Thou bad'st him have dominion o'er thy works.

To him hast all things in subjection put :
 The flocks, the herds, the wild beasts of the field,
 Fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea,
 And whatsoever passeth through the deep.
 O Lord, our governor, how excellent,
 How wonderful thy name in all the earth !

PSALM IX.

THEE will I praise, O Lord, with my whole heart,
 Thy marv'lous works declare, in thee rejoice,
 And to thy name, most high, my praises sing.
 Mine adversaries are turn'd back ; they fall,
 They perish at thy presence. Thou my cause,
 My right thou hast maintain'd ; upon the throne
 Exalted thou art set, that judgest right !
 Thou hast rebuk'd the Heathen, and destroy'd
 Th' ungodly, and their name hast blotted out
 For endless ages : O thou enemy,
 Destructions to an utter end are come,

Like as the cities which thou hast destroy'd !
With them is their memorial lost, extinct.
But he, th' eternal, hath prepar'd his throne
For judgement, he the righteous judge shall sit,
Impartial justice minist'ring to all ;
The Lord a refuge for the oppress'd shall be,
A sure defence in trouble. They that know
Thy name, O Lord, will put their trust in thee.
For those who seek thee thou wilt ne'er forsake.
O praise the Lord, that dwells on Sion's hill,
To all the world his mighty works proclaim :
When he for blood doth inquisition make,
He hears th' afflicted, nor forgets their cry.
Have mercy on me, Lord, the trouble see
Which they inflict who hate me ; from the jaws
Of death thou savest me, that I may show
Thy praise to Sion's daughter in her gates :
In thy salvation, Lord, will I rejoice.
Into the pit the Heathen are sunk down
Which they had made ; in that net which they hid.

Full secretly, their own foot is ensnar'd.
 The Lord is judgement known to execute,
 He hath entrapp'd the wicked in their work.
 The wicked into hell shall be cast down,
 And all the people that forget the Lord.
 Oblivion shall not be the poor man's lot,
 His expectation shall not cease for ever.
 Arise, O Lord, and let not man prevail ;
 Judge thou the Heathen, make them trembling
 OWN
 That they themselves are nothing but frail men.

PSALM X.

WHY standest thou so far off, O my God ?
 Why hidest thou thy face in time of need ?
 The wicked in his pride doth persecute
 The poor ; let them be taken in their craft,
 In those devices that they have devis'd.
 The wicked boasteth of his heart's desire,

Blessing the covetous, whom God abhors.
The wicked is so proud he will not seek
For God, neither is God in all his thoughts.
His ways are always grievous; 'far above
His sight thy judgements are; as for his foes,
He doth defy them; in his heart he saith
'I ne'er shall be cast down, nor suffer harm.'
His mouth is full of cursing and deceit,
Under his tongue mischief and fraud lie hid.
He sitteth in the corners of the streets
Lurking, intent the innocent to kill.
He, like a lion watching for his prey,
Lies secretly in wait the poor to catch,
Whom unawares he draws into his net.
He like a lion coucheth, lieth down,
To rule and tyrannize it o'er the poor.
'God hath forgotten,' in his heart he says,
'His face hath turn'd away, and will not see.'
Arise, O Lord, lift up thine hand on high,
The humble save. Wherefore should wicked men

Contemn the Lord? He in his heart hath said,
 'Thou, God, regardest not : ' but thou hast seen,
 And wilt requite it too, for thou behold'st
 Ungodliness and wrong ; to thee themselves
 The poor, the fatherless, commit ; be thou
 Their helper, break th' oppressor's arm, O Lord,
 And ev'ry instrument of wrong destroy.
 The Lord is king for ever ; from his land
 The Heathen are cast out. Thou, Lord, hast
 heard
 The supplication of the poor ; thine ear
 Thou hast inclin'd to judge th' oppress'd man's
 cause,
 To vindicate the orphans, that no more
 The man of outrage may insult the meek.

PSALM XI.

MY trust is in the Lord ; unto my soul
 How say ye, ' As a bird flee to the hill ? '

Th' ungodly bend their bow ; upon the string
Their shafts are ready, secretly to shoot
At those that upright are and pure of heart.
If the foundations of all justice, truth,
Be overthrown, what can the righteous do ?
God in his holy temple dwells ; his throne
In heav'n is fixt ; his ever-waking eye
Sees and considers all the sons of men.
The Lord approves the righteous, but the men
Who boast of wickedness his soul detests.
He on their heads a burning tempest pours
Of fire and brimstone ; this shall be their lot,
This, this, the bitter portion of their cup.
But he who loveth righteousness regards
The righteous, and beholds the just and pure.

PSALM XII.

HELP me, O Lord, for scarce one upright man
Amongst the sons of men is left on earth.

All their discourse is vanity ; they speak
With flattering lips, and with dissembling heart.

The lying lips and the deceitful tongue

God shall root out. 'We with our tongues,' say
they,

'Will rule; for we are they that ought to speak,
And who is he that lords it over us?'

'The sighing needy, and the poor oppress'd,
I from the proud ones will protect,' saith God.

The words of God are ever true, are pure
As silver sev'n times purify'd by fire.

Thou, Lord, shalt keep the just, shalt them pre-
serve

From this detested race of men, with whom
The vilest of the vile are rais'd to pow'r.

PSALM XIII.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord ? for ever ?

How long wilt thou thy face from me conceal ?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul,

And be so vext within my heart? how long
Shall all my foes thus triumph over me?
Hear, and consider, lighten thou mine eyes,
Lest death should close them in eternal sleep.
Let not my foe exclaim, 'I have prevail'd ;'
Lest all who trouble me should thence rejoice.
But I have trusted in thy mercy, Lord,
In thy salvation shall my heart be glad.
Of thee I'll sing, to thee exalt my voice,
For all the favours thou hast shewn to me.

PSALM XIV.

THE fool in heart hath said, 'There is no God.'
Corrupt they are, and in their doings vile,
Among them none—not one that doeth good.
The Lord from heav'n beheld the sons of men,
And saw that none would seek the living God.
They're all departed from the way of truth,
They're all corrupt ; not one that doeth good.

Have they no knowledge? are they all become
Workers of mischief, eating up, as bread,
My people, and call not upon the Lord?
But they shall fear, for God is with the just.
The counsel of the poor ye have despis'd,
And why? because his refuge is in God.
O that from Sion Israel's health might spring!
That from captivity the Lord would lead
His people! then should Israel's tribe be glad,
And all the sons of Jacob shout for joy.

PSALM XV.

Lord, in thy tabernacle who shall dwell?
Or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?
The man of blameless life, whose heart nor thinks
Nor his tongue utters calumny and lies.
With scornful eyes he views the reprobate,
But those who fear the Lord are his delight.
He swears, nor swears (though to his loss) in vain;

On usury his money hath not given,
Nor takes a bribe against the innocent.
The man who doeth these things shall not fall.

PSALM XVI.

SAVE me, O God, in thee I put my trust.
My soul, thou to the Lord hast said, 'Thou art
My God, my goodness reacheth not to thee.'
All my delight is in the saints on earth,
And such as shine in virtue, and excel.
Their sorrows shall abound, who gifts present
To other gods; their sacrifice of blood
My soul abhors; the name pollutes my lips.
The Lord himself is mine inheritance,
The portion of my cup. Thou wilt maintain
My lot, the pleasant places I possess.
Jehovah will I praise, my counsellor,
My reins by him instructed teach me right,
His presence always with me, my support.

My heart and tongue rejoice in God, my flesh
Shall rest in hope ; for thou, Lord, wilt not leave
My soul in hell, nor let thy holy one
Corruption see ; the path of life thou'lt shew ;
Thy presence is the fulness of all joy,
At thy right hand are pleasures evermore.

PSALM XVII.

HEAR thou my right, consider my complaint,
O Lord, and hearken thou unto the pray'r
Of lips unfeign'd : O let my sentence come
Forth from thy presence : let thine eyes behold
Things that are equal : thou hast visited
And try'd my heart, thou in my heart hast found
No wickedness ; my mouth shall not offend.
The works of wicked men, against thy word
Committed, I detest, their footsteps shun ;
But in thy paths my feet will never slip.
On thee I've call'd, to me incline thine ear,

And hear thy suppliant's voice. Thy wondrous
love

Shew thou to them who place their trust in thee:

Let thy right hand protect them from their foes.

Me, as the pupil of the eye, preserve,

Under the shadow of thy wings conceal

From impious men, who compass me about,

My deadly enemies: they swell with pride

In their own fat inclos'd; they lie in wait

With eyes turn'd downward watching all my steps,

Like as a lion greedy of his prey,

Or a young lion lurking in his den.

Arise, O Lord, cast down and frustrate him,

My soul deliver from the wicked man;

From men who have their portion in this life,

In hidden treasures who abound, and wealth,

Which to their children's children they transmit.

For me, I shall be fully satisfy'd

When I behold the glory of thy face,

When in thy likeness I shall rise again.

PSALM XVIII.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength, my
rock,
My saviour, fortress and defence, my God
In whom I trust, my buckler, and the horn
Of my salvation, and my mighty tow'r.
His name, alone above all human praise
Exalted, I'll invoke; so shall I dwell
In safety from mine adversary's force.
The pangs of death encompass'd me around,
The overflowings of ungodly men
Made me afraid, the pains of hell and snares
Of death o'ertook me; in distress I call'd
Upon the Lord, his ever-list'ning ear
Out of his temple heard my plaintive voice.
The solid earth throughout its hidden depths
Trembled and quak'd; the everlasting hills
From their foundations shook; when he was
wroth,

Forth from his nostrils issu'd wreathing smoke,
And from his mouth devouring flames of fire.
He bow'd the heav'ns, descended from above,
His feet with darkness cloth'd : on cherubim
And on the wings of mighty winds he rode.
Darkness was his pavilion ; thickest clouds
Of condens'd ether compass'd him about.
From his bright presence, lo ! his clouds retire !
The Highest gave his voice, and issu'd straight
Thunder and hail, and show'rs of burning coals ;
The lightnings, his swift shafts, amaz'd his foes.
Earth's low foundations, and the ocean's depths
At thy displeasure, Lord, were all disclos'd.
When I was sinking, from the mighty waves
He drew me safe : he from my strongest foes,
From all that hated me, preserv'd my life.
They in the hour of my distress oppos'd
Themselves against me : but my stay was God ;
He from the straits in which I was inclos'd
Enlarg'd my soul, for I was his delight.

My righteousness, the cleanness of my hands,
Hath he rewarded ; I have kept his ways,
Nor, like the wicked, e'er forsook my God.
His righteous judgements and unerring laws
Were all times present with me ; from all sin,
From all iniquity my soul is free :
For this he recompens'd my righteousness,
Such in his eye-sight was my purity.
Thou with the holy man shalt holy be,
And with the perfect shalt be perfect found ;
Pure with the pure, to frowardness averse.
All those that are afflicted thou wilt save,
But shalt bring down the high looks of the proud.
My lamp, O Lord, thou lightest up, my night
Thou turnest into day, through thee against
A host of warlike men I have prevail'd,
And by thy aid have overleapt the wall.
God's way is perfect, and his word is pure,
As gold by fire refin'd : he is a shield
To those, to all, who have recourse to him.

For who is God except the Lord? or who,
Except our God, can be a rock of strength?
'Tis he who gives me courage, and makes plain
My way before me; swift as swiftest hind's
He makes my feet ascend the highest hills.
My hands, my arms he strengthens, such their
pow'r

That therewith e'en a bow of steel is broke.
The shield of thy salvation thou hast plac'd
Before me, thy right hand hath made me great.
Thou didst enlarge the path in which I went,
My feet slipt not; my foes I have 'pursu'd,
Have overtook them, wounded them, nor ceas'd
Till they were humbled prostrate to the dust.
Thou unto battle girdest me with strength;
Thou under me hast subjected all those
That rose against me; thou hast made them bow
Their stubborn necks, and put them in my pow'r.
They cry'd, yea even to the Lord they cry'd,
But he regarded not:—then as the dust,

Or like the clay, I trod them under foot.
From the contending nations all around
Thou hast preserv'd me ; people then unknown
Heard and obey'd ; they fled before my face,
And in their close retreats betray'd their fear.
Jehovah reigneth ; blessed be the rock
Of my salvation, high above all praise
Exalted be his name ; he hath aveng'd
My wrongs, and under me subdu'd my foes.
Thou, Lord, shalt rid me from the wicked man :
Among the Heathen I'll give thanks to thee,
O Lord, and praises to thy name will sing.
He great deliv'rance to his king hath giv'n,
To his anointed loving-kindness shewn,
To David, and his seed for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

THE heav'ns declare the glory of the Lord,
The firmament his handy-work displays,

And all the shining orbs his might declare ;
Day speaks to day, and night repeats to night
His wisdom and his pow'r ; though silent, they
A language speak known through the universe.
Around this earth their circles they describe,
Among them is the sun's pavilion set ;
Which, as a bridegroom rising from his bed,
Or as a giant, joys to run his course.
His going out is from the end of heav'n,
And to the end of heav'n his line extends,
Nothing from his all-piercing ray is hid.
Jehovah's law is perfect ; it restores
Grace to the soul ; it makes the simple wise.
Jehovah's righteous statutes glad the heart,
Lighten the eyes, and purify the soul.
The fear of God endureth through all time,
His judgements true, and more to be desir'd
Than gold, that 's sev'n times purify'd by fire ;
Sweeter than honey, and the honey-comb.
By them moreover is thy servant taught,

In keeping of them there is great reward.
His num'rous errors who can understand ?
Cleanse thou, O cleanse me from my secret faults,
From all presumptuous sins thy servant keep,
Let them not have dōminion over me.
Upright and innocent I then shall live,
Devoid of sin, free from the great offence.
O let the meditation of my heart
And all my words be pleasing in thy sight,
My strength, and my redcemer, thou, O Lord !

PSALM XX.

THE Lord, the God of Jacob in the day
Of trouble hear thee, and be thy defence ;
From his high sanctuary send thee help,
And from his holy Sion strengthen thee,
Thy off'rings, and burnt-sacrifice accept,
Grant thy desires, and ev'ry wish fulfil.
In thy salvation shall our joy be great,
And in the name of God we will erect

Our banners : may he hear thy pray'rs, and grant
All thy petitions. Now I am assur'd
That his anointed he will hear, will save
With the almighty pow'r of his right hand.
Some trust in chariots, some in horses trust ;
But God is our sole refuge ; they're brought
down,
Themselves have humbled, whilst we upright
stand.
Save, Lord, and hear us, when we call to thee.

PSALM XXI.

JEHOVAH, in thy strength the king shall joy,
In thy salvation be exceeding glad.
His lips' petitions thou hast granted him ;
And all his heart's desire thou hast fulfill'd ;
With ev'ry blessing goodness can bestow
Thou hast prevented him ; and thou hast set
A crown of purest gold upon his head.

Of thee he life besought, thou length of days
Hast given him for ages to endure.

In thy salvation is his glory great ;

Thou clothest him with majesty and pow'r ;

Eternal blessings thou bestow'st on him ;

Thy countenance has gladden'd him with joy.

The king confideth in the pow'r of God,

And, by his mercy, he shall not be mov'd.

Thy hand shall all thine adversaries feel,

And those that hate thee thy right hand finds out.

Thou in thy wrath shalt make them as a fierce

And fiery oven with destroying flames.

Their fruit shalt thou root out, and from the
earth

Their seed extirpate ; mischief was their aim,

Such their designs that they could not perform.

Thou, when thy shafts are fitted to the string,

Shalt make them turn their backs, and haste to fly.

Be thou exalted, Lord, in thine own strength,

So will we sing, and ever praise thy pow'r.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, look on me, why hast thou
Forsaken me? O why art thou so far
From aiding me, from hearing my complaint?
My God, I cry by day, thou hearest not;
I cry by night, but thou dost not regard.
Yet thou art holy, and thine Israël
Shall praise thy name for all the mercies shewn
To their forefathers, who in thee their hope,
Their trust did place, and thou wast their defence.
But as for me, I am a worm, no man,
The scorn of men, and outcast of the race.
All they that see me, treat me with contempt,
Shoot out the lip and shake the scornful head.
'His trust,' say they, 'was in the Lord: why, then,
Let the Lord take the man whom he approves.'
But thou art he that from my mother's womb
Brought'st me to light; thou wast my hope, my
trust,

Whilst yet I hang'd upon my mother's breast.
Be not far from me, trouble is at hand,
And none but thou to help me. Many bulls,
Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round;
My foes to my destruction stretch their jaws
Wide as the rav'ning, roaring lion doth.
Like water I am poured out; my bones
Disjointed, and my heart like melting wax;
My strength is as a potsherd dry'd, my tongue
Cleaves to my gums. Thou to the dust of death
Hast brought me; many dogs have compass'd me;
Th' assembly of the wicked have enclos'd me.
They pierc'd my hands, my feet; and all my bones
Were through my leanness render'd visible;
They star'd and stood rejoicing at my woe.
My garments they among them did divide,
And for my vesture cast the dubious lot.
But be not thou far from me, O my strength,
Haste thee to help me; save me from the sword,
O save my soul from the devouring dog,
And from the lion's mouth, and unicorn's.

Thy name unto my brethren I'll declare,
And in the full assembly praise thy name.
All ye that fear the Lord, praise ye the Lord,
And glorify him, ye of Jacob's seed,
All ye the seed of Israel, rev'ence him.
Th' affliction of the poor he'll not despise,
But, when he calls to him, will hear his pray'r.
Thee in the great assembly I will praise,
And in their presence will perform my vows.
The meek shall eat, and shall be satisfy'd ;
All they that seek the Lord, shall praise the
Lord,

And shall for ever live. All those that dwell
In earth's extremest bounds shall to the Lord
Be turned ; all the nations of the world
Shall worship him, he is the governor
O'er all, and of his kingdom is no end.
The rich that prosper on the fruitful earth,
The needy that lie prostrate in the dust,
Shall bow themselves before him ; he it is,

PSALM XXV.

To thee, O Lord, will I lift up my soul,
In thee, Jehovah, have I put my trust ;
O let me never be asham'd, nor let
The malice of mine enemies prevail !
Those shall not be asham'd, who trust in thee ;
Shame be their portion, who transgress thy laws.
Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths,
In thy truth lead me, thou that art the God
Of my salvation, all my hope, and strength.
Thy kindness and thy mercies, Lord, recall
To thy remembrance, which have been of old.
The sins and the transgressions of my youth
Retain thou not ; but for thy goodness's sake
O think upon me ; merciful and just
Is God, and teaches sinners in the way.
The meek in judgement he will guide ; the meek
He in his way will teach : his paths are truth

And mercy to all such as keep his laws.
Pardon my sin, O Lord, for it is great.
What man is he that feareth God? That man
He in the way will teach that pleaseth him ;
His soul shall dwell at ease, his seed possess
The earth. The secrets of the Lord are shewn
To them that fear him, and his cov'nant keep.
Mine eyes are ever looking to the Lord,
For he shall pluck my feet out of the net :
Lord, turn thee unto me, and pity take,
For I am desolate, and sore distress'd.
The sorrows of my heart are much enlarg'd ;
O bring thou me from my distressful state !
Look on my pain, and all my sins forgive.
Many are they that bear a cruel hate
Against me ; save my soul from all my foes ;
I trust in thee, and shall not be asham'd.
Uprightness and integrity of heart,
Let these preserve me, for I trust on thee.
From all his troubles Israel, Lord, redeem.

PSALM XXVI.

BE thou my judge, O Lord, for I have walk'd
In mine integrity ; my trust hath been
In thee, and therefore I shall never fall.
Examine me, O Lord, and try my reins,
Prove me, and try my heart ; before mine eyes
Thy loving-kindness I have ever set,
And never have departed from thy truth :
Nor with vain persons have I dwelt, nor will
With the deceitful sit in company ;
Nor with the wicked and profane resort.
My hands in innocency wash'd, O Lord,
I will attend thy altar ; with the voice
Of thankfulness thy great, thy wondrous works
I will declare. The mansion where thou dwell'st,
The tabernacle of thy grace I've lov'd.
O shut not up my soul with bloody men,
Bribes in their hands, and mischief in their hearts.

But as for me, in mine integrity.
I'll walk, O save me for thy mercy's sake.
My foot securely being fixt and set,
In the assemblies I will praise the Lord.

PSALM XXVII.

THE Lord is my salvation, and my light,
Whom shall I fear? Jehovah is my strength,
Of whom shall I b' afraid? when wicked men,
Mine enemies, arose with ill intent
To ruin me, they stumbled, and they fell.
Although an host of men encompass'd me,
I will not fear, my trust is in the Lord.
One thing I have desired, e'en to dwell
In the Lord's house, while breath my life pro-
longs,
And to behold the beauty of his courts.
When trouble comes, in his pavilion
He shall me hide, and in the secret place,
Where he delights to dwell, he'll cover me,

And set me up upon a rock of stone ;
Mine head he shall lift up above my foes :
In his house therefore will I offer up
The sacrifice of joy, and praise his name.
O hearken to my voice, when unto thee
O Lord, I cry ; attend and hear my pray'r.
Hide not thy face from me, nor cast away
Thy servant in displeasure. Thou hast been
The God of my salvation ; leave me not,
Neither forsake me ; though my parents may
Forsake me, yet the Lord will take me up.
Teach me thy way, O Lord, shew me the path
In which I may securely walk, devoid
Of fear from all my foes ; unto their will
Give me not up : false witnesses did rise
Against me, such as breathe out cruelty.
My soul had fainted had I not believ'd
To see thy goodness among those that live.
My soul, be strong, wait on the Lord for aid,
Wait on the Lord, and place thy trust in him.

PSALM XXVIII.

To thee, Jehovah, will I call, my strength ;
O be not silent ! but regard my cry,
Lest I become like them who sleep in death.
O hear my supplications when my hands
I hold up to thy holy mercy-seat.
O cast me not away with wicked men,
Whose tongues speak peace, but mischief's in
their hearts.
As are their thoughts, their deeds, their dire
intent,
Do thou reward them, pay them their desert.
As they the works of God do not regard,
Nor all the operations of his hands,
He shall destroy them, and not build them up.
Blessed be God, for he hath heard the voice
Of my request ; he is my strength, my shield,
In him my heart hath trusted, and my heart

Exults for joy ; I'll praise him with my song.
Jehovah is their strength, he is the strength
Of his anointed. Save thy people, Lord !
Feed and preserve and bless them evermore.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE to the Lord, ye mighty, give to him
Worship and strength, and all the honour due
Unto his holy name : O worship him
In all the beauty of his holiness.
Jehovah's voice is in the lab'ring clouds,
Where his loud thunder dwells ; it issues forth
Sudden in all the majesty of pow'r,
And levels lofty cedars with the ground ;
Cedars of Libanus and Sirion,
Which like a fawn or unicorn rebound.
The voice of God divides the flames of fire ;
It shakes thy deserts, Kadesh, makes thy hinds
Bring forth their young, it lays thy forests bare,

And all thy thickets opens to the view.
 Jehovah in his temple is ador'd
 Where the full choir unites in solemn praise.
 Upon the mighty flood th' eternal king
 His throne has fix'd immoveable; from thence
 He to his people will give strength, will pour
 His blessings on them, and will crown with peace.

PSALM XXX.

THY name I will extol, O Lord, for thou
 Hast set me up above mine enemies;
 To thee I cry'd, and thou hast healed me.
 Thou from the pit hast brought my soul, my life
 Thou hast preserv'd from th' all-devouring grave.
 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his, O pay
 To him the tribute of your grateful vows.
 His ire, the anger of a moment is,
 But life is in his favour; for a night
 Grief may endure, but joy springs with the morn.

In my prosperity I said, 'My mount
Is firmly fixt, and cannot be remov'd :'
But when thou hidd'st thy face, my grief return'd ;
Then unto thee, O Lord, I humbly cry'd,
And unto thee my supplication made.
What will my blood avail, when I descend
Into the silent grave ? Lord, shall the dust
Give thanks to thee ? shall it declare thy truth ?
Hear me, and help me for thy mercy's sake.
Lo ! thou hast turn'd my mourning into joy,
My sackcloth hast put off, and clothed me
With robes of gladness ; therefore unto thee
My heart, my tongue shall pour unceasing praise.

PSALM XXXI.

In thee, O Lord, I put my trust ; do thou,
The righteous judge, deliver me from all
My foes, nor suffer me to be asham'd ;
Thine ear bow down, and hear me instantly.

Be thou my rock, my castle of defence
To save, to guide, and lead me in thy way.
Preserve me from the net that wicked men
Have privily laid for me, thou my strength.
Into thine hand my spirit I commit,
Redeem'd by thee, O Lord, thou God of truth.
All lying vanities my soul detests,
My trust in thee alone. I will be glad,
I will rejoice in mercies shewn to me.
My grief thou hast consider'd, thou hast prov'd
My soul by trouble, but hast not giv'n up
Thy servant to the triumph of his foes.
My feet thou hast enlarged, and yet grief
Attends me still; have mercy on me, Lord:
Mine eye with grief is wasted, and my soul,
My body worn away; my life, my years
Still are, and have been, one continu'd scene
Of woes; because of mine iniquity
My bones are sore vext, and my strength hath
fail'd.

Scorn'd by mine enemies, and by my friends,
Neglected and abandon'd I have liv'd.
I am forgotten as a man that's dead ;
I'm like a broken vessel ; I have heard
The slander of the multitude on ev'ry side,
While they conspire to take away my life.
My trust hath been in thee, O Lord ; I said,
Thou art my God ; my times are in thy hand ;
Save me from the hands of all mine enemies
Preserve, and from the persecutors save.
Upon thy servant let thy countenance
Still shine, and save me for thy mercy's sake.
On thee, O Lord, I've call'd, O let me not
Confounded be ! shame be to wicked men,

That fear thy name before the sons of men.
Them in the secret place of thy abode,
In thy pavilion thou shalt hide and keep,
Far from the pride of men and strife of tongues.
Thanks to the Lord, for he hath shewed me
His wondrous kindness in a fenced city.
I rashly said that from thy presence, Lord,
'I am cut off, but thou hast heard my pray'r.
O love the Lord, all ye his saints! the Lord
Preserves the faithful, punishes the proud.
Be strong, be bold, he shall confirm your heart,
All ye that place your confidence in him.

PSALM XXXII.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord hath giv'n
Pardon of past transgressions, and whose sins
Are blotted out; thrice blest the man, to whom
The Lord imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit no deceit is found.

When I conceal'd my sin, my bones consum'd
Through my complaining, for by day, by night,
Thy hand lay heavy on me ; as the drought
Of summer, such my moisture ; but to thee
When I confess'd my sin, nor hid th' offence,
Thy goodness pardon'd mine iniquity.
For this shall ev'ry upright man prefer
His pray'r to thee ; thou wilt accept his pray'r :
But men of harden'd hearts seek not the Lord
Amidst the torrents of adversity.
Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt preserve
My soul from troubles ; shalt encompass me
With songs of joy for my deliverance.

Thou wilt I teach, instruct thee in the way
That thou shalt go, and guide thee with mine eye.
Ye men of folly, be not like the brutes,
The horse, the mule, of understanding void,
Whose mouths the bridle and the bit must hold,
Lest they rebel. Great plagues for wicked men
Are kept in store ; but he who trusts in God

Mercy embraceth him on ev'ry side.
Be glad, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;
Ye upright raise your voice, and shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice, for praise
Becomes the upright : praise the Lord with harp,
With lute ; with ten-string'd instruments to him
Sing a new song ; with skill attune the lyre,
Loud and more loud exalt your voice to him.
True is his word, and all his works are just :
Judgement and righteousness are his delight,
And with his goodness the whole earth is fill'd.
The heav'ns and all the host of them by him
Were made, the emanations of his word.
The seas, collected in his hand, he keeps,
Their treasures stores up in the vast abyss.
Let the whole earth, and all that it inhabit,
With reverential awe adore his name.

He spake, and it was done ; at his command
Firm fix'd it stood. Jehovah renders vain
The counsel of the Heathen, brings to nought
All their devices : but his counsels stand
Sure, and immoveable, and know no change.
Blest are the people whom the Lord hath chos'n
For his inheritance. He looketh down
From heav'n on all that dwell upon the earth ;
Their hearts he fashions, and surveys their works.
No king is sav'd by the joint multitude
Of armed men—no armed man by strength.
Vain is the courser's force, his speed is vain,
He cannot save ;—but God will save the just,
Will save all those who seek to him, their strength ;
In time of famine will their lives preserve,
And their soul rescue from impending death.
Our heart still waiteth on the Lord, our help,
Our shield ; in him we ever will rejoice,
For we have trusted in his holy name,
And as our trust, so let thy mercy be.

PSALM XXXIV.

My thanks at all times to the Lord are due,
 My tongue shall never cease his praise to tell :
 In him my soul shall boast ; the meek shall hear,
 And shall be glad. Come then, and let us join
 With one accord to magnify his name.
 I sought the Lord ; his suppliant's pray'r he
 heard,
 And forthwith rescu'd me from all my fears.
 All they who trust in God are not asham'd.
 'This poor man,' they will say, 'pray'd, and was
 heard,
 The Lord from all his woes deliver'd him.'
 The angels of the Lord encamp around
 All those that fear him, and they are preserv'd.
 O taste and see how gracious is the Lord,
 Blest is the man that puts his trust in him.
 O fear the Lord, all ye his saints ; to them

Shall be no want, that fear his holy name.

The lions want, the lions hunger feel,

But they who seek the Lord shall want for
nought.

Come then, ye children, hearken unto me,

And I will teach you all the fear of God.

What man is he that willeth to prolong

His life, and length of days with joy to see?

Thy tongue from slander keep, thy lips from
guile,

Evil eschew, seek peace, and do what's right.

Upon the upright the Lord's eyes are fixt,

His ears are ever open to their pray'r.

But he will set his face against all those

That evil work, and root them from the earth.

The Lord will hear the righteous when they cry,

And save them from their troubles. He delights

With spirits meek, and contrite hearts, to dwell

Great are th' afflictions of the righteous man,

But from them all the Lord deliv'rance gives ;

He keepeth all his bones, not one is brok'n.
Evil shall slay the wicked ; all that hate
The upright man shall perish from the earth.
The Lord redeems the souls of all his saints,
And those who trust in him, he ne'er forsakes.

PSALM XXXV.

Plead thou my cause with them that strive with
me ;
Thy buckler, Lord, thy shield do thou prepare
To fight against my foes : bring forth the spear,
'Gainst those who persecute me stop the way ;
' I'm thy salvation, ' say thou to my soul.
My persecutors, Lord, do thou confound,
Cover with shame the faces of all those
That seek my life ; yea, let them be turn'd back,
Put to confusion, that devise my hurt ;
And let them, as the chaff before the wind,
Be driv'n by thy angel, and dispers'd.

Obscure and slipp'ry be their path, and let
Thy angel persecute them ; without cause
For me they hid their net, and for my soul
They digg'd a pit. Destruction, when they least
Expect-it, seize them ! Let the net they hid
Ensnare themselves, and let the pit they made
Be their own grave. My soul, do thou rejoice
In the salvation of the Lord thy God.
My bones shall say, 'Lord, who is like to thee ?'
Who from th' oppressor sav'st the poor, and
him

Who is in mis'ry from the spoiler's hand.
False witnesses rose up, and to my charge
Laid things I knew not : they rewarded me
Evil for good, and fill'd with grief my soul.
And yet when they were sick I cloth'd myself
With sackcloth ; for them fasted too, and pray'd,
And all my pray'rs return'd to me again.
Myself I so behav'd, as it had been
My brother, or my friend ; I bow'd myself

As one that mourneth for his mother's death.
And yet in my distress they all rejoic'd,
They came together, yea, the abjects came,
Making mouths at me, and they ceased not.
With mockers in their feasts they with their
teeth
Gnashed upon me. Lord, how long wilt thou
Look on? My soul from such calamities
O save, my darling from the lions keep.
Thee in the congregation I will thank,
Will praise thy name among the multitude.
O let not them that are mine enemies
Proclaim their triumph over me, nor wink
With scornful eyes at my afflicted state.
Peace speak they not, but vain deceitful words
Against all those who love and seek for peace.
Their jaws they open'd wide, and said 'Aha!
Aha! our eyes thy ruin have beheld.'
This thou hast seen, O Lord; O stand not mute,
Nor be far from me, Lord; awake, stand up

To judge my quarrel, and avenge my cause:
 Judge me as thou seest right, and let them not
 Exulting triumph over me, and say

‘Aha! Aha! we have devoured him.’

Let them with shame and infamy be cloth’d
 Who boast themselves, and joy in my distress.
 But let all those be glad, and shout for joy,
 Who plead my righteous cause; yea, let them
 say

‘Blessed be God, who makes his servant blest.’
 My tongue thy righteousness, thy praise, O Lord,
 Shall ev’ry day and all day long proclaim.

PSALM XXXVI.

MY heart hath said, when it beheld the sin,
 The great transgressions of the wicked man,

‘There is no fear of God before his eyes.’

Self-flatt’ry his delight, until he finds

‘That his detested crimes are seen by all.

His words deceitful, and iniquitous,
His deeds are evil ; mischief his design,
On that he meditates upon his bed,
Delighteth not in good, nor hateth ill.
Thy mercy, Lord, unto the heav'ns extends,
Thy truth unto the clouds ; as mountains strong
Thy justice, and thy judgments a great deep ;
Thou, thou, alone preservest man and beast ;
How excellent thy kindness, O my God !
For this the sons of men shall put their trust
Under the shadow of thy wings, be fill'd
With the abundant riches of thy house ;
And thou, O Lord, shalt make them drink the
streams,
The rivers of thy pleasures ; for with thee
The fountain is of life, and in thy light
Shall we see light. Do thou continue still
Thy loving-kindness unto them that know
Thee, and thy righteousness to all th' upright.
Let not the foot of pride 'gainst me be rais'd,

Nor let the hand of mischief cast me down.
The workers of iniquity are fall'n,
And never, never, shall rise up again.

PSALM XXXVII.

FRET not thyself, nor be thou envious
Against the wicked ; for they soon like grass
Shall be cut down, and wither'd as the herb.
Put thou thy trust in God, be doing good,
And peace and plenty shall be thy reward.
Delight thou in the Lord, and he shall grant
Thy heart's desire. Commit thy way to him,
And he shall make thy righteousness as clear,
And thy just dealing, as the mid-day sun.
Wait patiently for him ; fret not thyself
Because of him who prosp'reth in his way,
All whose devices are on mischief bent.
Cease thou from anger, and all wrath forgo,
Lest thou thyself to evil be provok'd.

All wicked doers shall be rooted out ;
But they who patiently abide the Lord,
Those shall possess the earth. A little while,
And lo th' ungodly vanish, they are gone.
Thou may'st inquire for, but not find their place.
But the meek-spirited shall live in peace,
And in prosperity possess the land.
The wicked may devise against the just,
May gnash upon them with his teeth ; but God
Foresees his ruin, at his folly laughs.
Th' ungodly have drawn out the sword, have bent
Their bow, the poor and needy to destroy,
To slay all such as are of upright heart.
Their weapons their own hearts shall pierce,
their bows
Which they have bent against me shall be brok'n.
A small thing that the righteous man enjoys
Is better than great riches of th' unjust.
Their strength is weakness, but the Lord supports
The righteous ; all their days he numbereth,

And their inheritance shall ever last.
In evil times they shall not be ashamed,
In days of famine they shall have enough.
But wicked men shall perish; as the fat
Of lambs, and as the smoke, they shall consume.
The wicked borroweth, and payeth not ;
The just are kind, humane, and merciful.
Such as are blessed shall possess the land,
They that are cursed shall be rooted out.
A good man's steps are order'd by the Lord,
His way he maketh pleasing to himself.
Though he should fall, he shall not be cast down,
For with his hand the Lord upholdeth him.
I have been young, and now am old ; but yet
I never saw the righteous destitute,
Nor his seed begging bread ; the righteous man
Is kind, and lendeth, and his seed is blest.
Depart from evil, do the thing that 's good,
And dwell for evermore. The righteous judge
Forsaketh not his saints ; they are preserv'd

For e'er ; as for the seed of the unjust,
It shall be rooted out. The righteous folk
Shall share the land, and in it ever dwell.
The just man's mouth of wisdom speaks, his
tongue

Talketh of judgement, and the law of God
Is in his heart ; none of his steps shall slide.
The wicked for the upright lies in wait,
Seeking to slay him ; but the righteous judge
Will him acquit, and save him from his foe.
Wait on the Lord, and all thy paths direct
By his unerring law : the wicked man
Shall be cut off, and thou possess the land.
The wicked I have seen in mighty pow'r,
Like a green bay-tree spreading forth himself :
I passed by, and lo ! the man was gone ;
I sought him, but his place could not be found.
Behold the perfect man, the upright mark,
He liv'd in innocence, and dies in peace.
As for transgressors, they shall be destroy'd,

They shall be rooted out ; such their sad end.
But the salvation of the righteous folk
Cometh of God ; he in the hour of need
Is their defence ; he shall stand by, shall help,
And rescue them, because they trust in him.

PSALM XXXVIII.

LORD, in thine anger O rebuke me not,
Nor in thy fierce displeasure chasten me.
In me thine arrows are infixt, thy hand
Sore presseth me ; no soundness in my flesh
Because of thy displeasure ; neither rest
Is in my bones, by reason of my sin.
My sins are on my head, a burden great,
Too great for me to bear ; my wounds corrupt
(My folly such) and noisome are become.
So great my trouble and my mis'ry prove,
That I go mourning all the day ; my loins
Are putrefy'd, no soundness in my flesh.

I'm weak, sore-smitten, I have roar'd aloud
By reason of the anguish of my soul.
Lord, my desires thou knowest, my complaints
Are not hid from thee ; all my strength is gone,
My heart hath failed, and my sight's obscur'd.
My friends, my neighbours, and my kinsmen all
Stand at a distance, and behold my woe.
They too who seek my life, for me lay snares ;
They seek my hurt, they speak mischievous
things,
And all that they imagine is deceit.
But I was like a deaf man, and heard not ;
Like one that's dumb, I open'd not my mouth.
Thee do I wait for, thee, O Lord, my hope,
And thou wilt hear, and answer me, my God.
This my request, that they mine enemies
Should not rejoice, and triumph over me,
When my foot slippeth. I am sore distress'd ;
For mine iniquity I will declare,
And all my sins with contrite heart confess.

Mine enemies are strong, are multiply'd,
Who hate me without cause. Evil for good
They still return, but I yet just remain.
Forsake me not, O Lord ; haste to my help ;
Of thee is my salvation, O my God.

PSALM XXXIX.

I SAID, I will take heed unto my ways,
That with my tongue I may not give offence ;
My mouth, as with a bridle, I restrain'd
While wicked men were present ; I was dumb,
I held my peace, though it was pain and grief
From good words to refrain. My heart was hot
Within me ; while I mused thus, the fire
Kindled, and forthwith utter'd I these words :
' Lord, let me know my end, and of my days
The number, what it is, that I may know
How frail I am.' Behold, my days are made
As 't were an hand-breadth ; nothing is my age ;

Man in his best estate is vanity.
He walketh in a shadow, heapeth up
Riches, but knows not who shall gather them.
And now what wait I for ? My hope 's in thee ;
Truly my hope is e'en in thee, my God.
O save me from my sins, nor me expose
To the derision of the foolish man.
I dumb became, I open'd not my mouth,
'T was thy infliction : O remove thy stroke,
For I 'm consumed by the heavy blow.
When thou with thy rebukes dost chasten man,
For his iniquity his form is chang'd,
Is fretted as a garment by the moth ;
Therefore is ev'ry man but vanity.
Hear then my pray'r, O Lord, incline thine ear
To my complaint, my tears implore thy aid.
I am a stranger, and a sojourner
As all my fathers were. Spare me, O God,
My health restore ; do thou my strength confirm
Ere I go hence, and am beheld no more.

hath inclin'd, and listen'd to my pray'r.
brought me from the pit of misery,
th from the mire drew, set me on a rock
to my mouth a song he hath convey'd,
song of thanks and praise unto our God.
By who see it shall be struck with fear,
I in th' Almighty put their trust, and sa
est is the man that maketh God his hope
t scorns the proud, and ev'ry liar hates.
Lord, my God, great are the wondrous w
ich thou hast done; thy thoughts to us-
such
None can reckon, they are numberless;
yet how few direct their thoughts to th
sacrifice nor off'ring thou wouldst have

Then said I, 'Lo! I come (as in the book,
The sacred volume, it, is writt'n of me)
To do thy will, O God ;' thy will is mine,
And all thy law is written in my heart.
I in the great assembly will declare
Thy righteousness, my lips I'll not restrain,
And that thou knowest. For I have not hid
Thy truth within my heart ; thy truth, thy love
Have ever been the subject of my song.
Withhold not then thy mercy from me, Lord ;
But let thy loving-kindness me preserve.
For troubles numberless invade my soul ;
My sins are more in number than the hairs
E'en of my head ; my heart hath failed me.
O be thou pleased to deliver me !
Make haste, O Lord, to help me. Let all those
That seek my life be cover'd with their shame ;
Do thou rebuke all those that wish me ill.
Let them who in derision of me speak,
Confounded be ; let shame be their reward ;

But let all those that love thy name rejoice,
Be glad in thee, and say, 'The Lord be prais'd !'
Though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord
Regardeth me. Thou art my helper, thou
My saviour ; make no tarrying, my God.

PSALM XLI.

THE poor man's friend is blessed of the Lord,
Him in the time of trouble God preserves,
His life prolongs, and from his enemies
Defends him ; on the bed of languishing
The Lord supports him. Thou wilt make his bed
In all his sickness. Be thou merciful
To me, O Lord, and save me from my sins ;
Mine enemy speaks evil of me, says
' When shall he die, his name be blotted out ?'
And if he comes to see me, his discourse
Is vanity ; deceit is in his heart,
And when he goeth forth, he telleth it.

All they that hate me whisper, and contrive
To do me hurt : ' A vile disease,' say they,
' Cleaves fast unto him ; now that he is down
Let him not rise again.' E'en my own friend,
In whom I trusted, who did eat my bread,
Hath lift his heel against me. But do thou
Shew me thy mercy, Lord, and raise me up,
That them I may reward. By this I know
Thou favour'st me, because mine enemies
Against me do not triumph. In my health
Thou me upholdest ; thou before thy face
Shalt set me ever. Blessed be the Lord,
The God of Israël, for evermore !

PSALM XLII.

As the heart panteth for the cooling streams,
So my soul longeth after thee, O God ;
My soul 's athirst for God, the living God ;
When shall I come thy presence to adore ?

My tears have been my food, by day, by night,
While with a sneer my foes insulting cry,
'Where 's now thy God?' When I reflect on this,
How once into the house of God I went,
In solemn pomp, leading the tribes along,
With psalms, and hymns, and joyful melody;
Thinking on this my soul is poured out.
Why art thou thus cast down, my soul, why thus
Disquieted within me? Trust in God;
His sacred presence I shall yet enjoy.
My soul is much dejected, O my God;
But or in Jordan's land, or Hermon's hill,
Wherever exil'd, I'll remember thee.
As cataracts of torrents, tumbling down
From rock to rock, boil in th' abyss below,
And roar responsive to each other's sound;
So all thy waves, age pour'd upon my head.
And yet the Lord his loving-kindness shews;
By day, by night, my song shall be of him,
To him, my God, I will address my pray'r.

God of my life ! canst thou forget me ? why
Do I thus bear th' oppression of my foes ?
All their reproaches stab me as a sword,
While they insulting cry, 'Where's now thy God?'
Why art thou thus cast down, my soul ? why thus
Disquieted within me ? Trust in God,
His sacred presence I shall yet enjoy.

PSALM XLIII.

Be thou my judge, O Lord, plead thou my cause
Against a nation of ungodly men ;
Men, all whose hearts with mischief are replete.
God of my strength, why dost thou cast me off ?
Why am I thus oppressed by my foes ?
O let thy light, O Lord, thy truth direct
My steps aright unto thy holy hill,
Thy tabernacle, that I may repair
Unto the altar of my God, the God
Of my exceeding joy : upon the harp

Will I give thanks to thee, O God, my God.
Why art thou thus cast down, my soul? Why
thus
Disquieted within me? Trust in God;
His sacred presence I shall yet enjoy.

PSALM XLIV.

OUR ears have heard, O God! from times of old
Our great forefathers all their children taught
What thou hast done; how with thy mighty hand
The Heathen thou cast out, and plantedst them.
Not by their sword, but by thy arm, O Lord,
And by the favour of thy countenance
They gat possession of the pleasant land.
Thou art my help, O God! to all the sons
Of Israël thy gracious aid impart.
Through thee our enemies we'll overthrow,
And in thy name will tread them under foot.
'T is not our sword nor bow shall be our help,

But it is thou that sav'st us from our foes,
And cover'st all that hate us with their shame :
In God will we e'er boast, and praise his name.
But now thou hast rejected us, O Lord,
Thy aid unto our hosts thou hast deny'd,
Hast made us turn our backs upon our foes,
To all that hate us we are made a prey.
Like sheep we are dispers'd, like sheep destroy'd,
And sold as things that refuse are, and vile.
We are become a scorn, and a reproach,
A by-word to the heathen all around,
Who shake their heads, and laugh at our disgrace.
The voice of slander and of blasphemy
Covers my face with shame. And though all this
Be come upon us, yet we 'll not forsake
Thee, and the covenant thou mad'st with us.
Our heart is still sincere ; nor have our steps
Declined from thy way ; though we have been
Like men shut up with monsters in the deep,
And cover'd with the dreary shades of death.

If from our memory the name of God
Hath e'er departed ; if to other gods
We've stretch'd the hand, shall not he search it
out,
Who knoweth all the secrets of the heart !
We suffer for thy sake, are for thy sake
Counted as sheep appointed to be slain.
Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord ! awake,
And be not absent from us evermore,
Why hidest thou thy face ? why our distress
Dost thou forget ? Our soul is bowed down,
Is humbled to the dust. Arise, redeem,
And save thy servants for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM XLV.

My heart inditeth what my tongue shall speak,
My pen shall write in high prophetic strains
Unto the king.—O thou divinely fair !
Thy lips are full of grace, and therefore God

Hath blessed thee for ever. Gird thy sword
Upon thy thigh, thou mightiest of the mighty.
Thou with thy glory and thy majesty
Ride on, and triumph in the cause of truth,
Of righteousness, and meekness ; thy right hand
Shall make thee terrible to all thy foes ;
Sharp are thine arrows, they shall pierce the hearts
Of all who set themselves against thy pow'r.
Thy throne, O God, for ever shall endure,
Thy sceptre fix'd in equity and truth.
God, e'en thy God, hath shed upon thy head
The oil of gladness : thou in eminence
Shalt rise above thy equals. All thy robes
Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia shall smell.
When from the iv'ry palace thou proceed'st,
The daughters of great monarchs in thy train ;
The queen upon thy right hand in a vest
Of various colours, and with Ophir's gold
Embroider'd. Hear, O daughter, and incline
Thine ear ; thy house, thy family forget.

Then in thy beauty shall the king rejoice;
He is thy lord, bow down, and him adore.
The Tyrian daughters shall present their gifts,
With richest purples shall thy grace intreat.
How glorious is the daughter of the king!
How beautiful her raiment interwov'n
With tissue of fine gold, and needle-work;
To thee she shall be brought, to thee be giv'n,
And all the virgins that her train attend,
With gladness shall approach unto the king,
His palace enter with abundant joy.
Thy great fore-father's place thy sons shall hold,
And rule as princes over all the earth.
Thy name shall be the subject of my song,
And all succeeding ages shall extol
Thy praise as long as sun and moon endure.

PSALM XLVI.

God is our hope, our strength, a present help
in time of trouble; therefore we'll not fear
though the foundations of the earth be shook,
the hills remov'd, and thrown precipitate
into the boiling deep. The holy place,
the city of God, in which he loves to dwell,
with pleasant springs is water'd; her support
is from her God, she shall not be remov'd.
The heathen rag'd, the nations of the earth
rose up against us; the tremendous voice
of God they heard, their heart within dissolv'd.
The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God
of Jacob is our refuge, our defence.
Come, see the wonders of the Lord our God,
the ruin he hath brought upon our foes.
He maketh wars to cease in all the world,
he bow he breaketh, the protended spear

He snappeth in the midst ; the chariots too
Of war the Lord consumeth in the fire.
Be still, ye heathen, know that I am God ;
My name shall be exalted in the earth.
The Lord of hosts is with us, and the God
Of Jacob is our refuge, our defence.

PSALM XLVII.

O CLAP your hands, ye people, shout for joy,
Jehovah reigns, tremendous in his pow'r.
He shall subdue the heathen, he shall choose
For us an heritage, that all the seed
Of Jacob may enjoy his promises.
God is gone up, in triumph he ascends ;
Sing praises, O sing praises to our king.
He is the king of all ; your voice exalt,
Your trumpets sound to celebrate his name.
God reigneth o'er the heathen ; on his throne
Of righteousness he sits, and all the sons

Of faithful Abraham shall be his sons,
And them as with a shield he will protect.

PSALM XLVIII.

GREAT is Jehovah, highly to be prais'd
IN God's fair city, on the pleasant hill,
The holy hill of Sion, the delight
Of all the earth ; upon the north-side lies
The city of the king ; her palaces ,
Acknowledge God their guardian and defence.
Lo, mighty kings around her gather'd stood,
They came, they saw, they marvelled, and fled.
Fear seiz'd upon them, great as are the pains
Of lab'ring women, or the dread of those
Who sail in shatter'd ships by tempests toss'd.
Such mighty works as our fore-fathers told
Unto their children, we too have beheld.
In this our city guarded by our God.
We in thy temple ever will profess

Thy favours to us ; great as is thy name,
So are thy praises, Lord, in all the earth,
And thy right hand is full of righteousness,
Let Judah's daughters, on the holy mount
Of Sion, for his judgements, praise the Lord.
Go ye, along the streets of Sion walk,
Go round about and mark her tow'rs and walls,
Observe her bulwarks and her palaces,
That to your sons her glories you may tell.
Jehovah is our God, in him, our trust,
We will repose as long as life endures.

PSALM XLIX.

HEAR this all ye who dwell upon the earth,
The low-born peasant, and the scepter'd prince,
Hear and attend. Of truths my tongue shall
 speak,
Mysterious truths, which to the sacred lyre
I will attune. Why should I be afraid

When by my foes in evil days beset?
In wealth they put their trust, they magnify
Their stores abundant, but not one of them,
With all his riches, can preserve the life
Of his own brother, or a ransom pay
For him, to save him ever from the grave.
The soul is precious, and immortal life
No gold can purchase. Not the fool alone,
But wise men and the rich, all, all must die,
And leave their riches to their spendthrift heirs.
And yet they think (how foolish is the thought)
That their proud structures shall for ever stand,
And call them by their titles, or their names.
This is their way, and this their folly; yet
Their sons approve their deeds, and sayings
praise.

But they, however high, however proud,
Shall perish as the beasts; down to the grave,
As sheep into a pit, they shall descend.
The grave their dwelling, where the gnawing worm

Shall feed upon them, till the morning come,
 That glorious morning, when the just shall rise,
 And o'er the wicked rule. Me from the grave
 God will redeem, and save my soul alive.
 Fear not the rich man with the pompous train
 That on him waits ; he nothing, when he dies,
 Shall with him take ; his pomp shall vanish then,
 Though, while he liv'd, he bless'd himself, and said,
 ' Indulge thy wishes, and enjoy the praise
 Of men ;' yet to his fathers he shall go,
 And never more see light. Man, haughty man,
 Is foolish, and shall perish like the beasts.

PSALM L.

THE Lord, the mighty God, hath spok'n, and
 call'd
 The world from the up-rising of the sun
 Unto his going down ; from Sion's place,
 The place of perfect beauty, he hath call'd :

Our God shall come, and shall not silence keep;
Consuming fire shall go before his face,
And storm and tempest shall surround his throne.
The heav'ns above, and all this lower world
To judgement he shall call. Gather my saints
Together to me, those by sacrifice
Who have confirm'd a covenant with me.
The heavens shall his righteousness declare,
For God is judge himself. O Israel, hear;
Hear, O my people; I will testify,
For I am God thy God. I blame thee not
Thy sacrifices for not offering;
I need them not; no bullock from thy stall,
No he-goat from thy fold, can me delight.
Beasts of the forest, and the bleating flocks
Upon a thousand hills are mine; and all
The fowls of heav'n, and wild-beasts of the field
Are in my hand: if I should hungry be,
I would not thee inform, for all the world,
And ev'ry thing that dwells therein, is mine.

What! dost thou think that I will eat the flesh,
And drink the blood, of goats? No, to thy God
Perform thy vows, and in the adverse time

Call on me, so will I deliver thee,

And thou shalt praise my name. But to th'
unjust

Saith God, 'How dar'st thou still my laws pollute,
That thou should'st take my cov'nant in thy
mouth?

All my instructions thou hast hated, thou

Hast cast my words behind thee. When thou
saw'st

A thief, thou with him didst consent, and thou
Hast been partaker with adulterers;

Thy mouth speaks evil, and thy tongue deceit.

Nay e'en thy brother, thy own mother's son,

Thou slanderest. All these things hast thou done,

And I kept silence; then thou thought'st that I

Was like thyself; but I 'll reprove thee now

And all thy sins will set before thine eyes.

Consider this, all ye that God forget,
Lest I destroy, and none deliver you.
Who praiseth me, he honours me, and I
Will shew him the salvation of his God.'

PSALM LI.

GREAT is thy loving-kindness, O my God,
Thy tender mercies great; do thou blot out
All my transgressions; wash me thoroughly
From my offences, cleanse me from my sin.
My sin with deepest sorrow I confess,
It stings my conscience, wounds me to the heart.
'Gainst thee, thee only, have I sinn'd, and done
This evil in thy sight. Thy ways, O Lord,
Are ever equal, and thy judgements just.
Behold, in sin I was conceiv'd, and form'd
E'en in my mother's womb; thy purity
Requires perfection; O do thou inspire
My heart, my soul, with wisdom from above:
Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;

Wash me, and make me whiter than the snow.
The dread of conscience which I have endur'd
Remove thou, and my peace of mind restore.
From my transgressions turn away thy face,
And blot them out for ever. A clean heart,
O God, in me create, a constant spirit
Renew within me. Cast me not away
From thy all-cheering presence, O take not
Thy holy spirit from me, but restore
Thy favour, and confirm me with thy grace;
Then to the wicked shall I teach thy ways,
And sinners shall be turn'd from sin to thee.
From blood, O God, deliver me from blood,
Thou God of my salvation ; and my tongue
Shall sing aloud of all thy righteousness ;
Open my lips, and I will shew thy praise.
Thou sacrifice, O Lord, desirest not,
Else would I give it thee ; nor altars crown'd
With off'rings vain : the sacrifice of God,
His great delight, a broken spirit is ;
A contrite heart, O God, thou 'lt not despise.

Be favourable, Lord, be fav'able,
To Sion's holy hill ; build thou the walls
Of Salem ; then burnt off'rings shall be plac'd
Upon thy altar ; but what pleaseth most,
To thee be giv'n—the sacrifice of praise.

PSALM LII.

WHY boastest thou thyself, thou mighty man,
That thou canst mischief do ? vain thy attempt.
The goodness of my God is my defence.
Thy mouth with mischief is replete, thy tongue
Cuts like a razor, works deceitfully.
Evil to good, and lying unto truth
Thou hast preferred ; all destructive words
Are thy delight, O thou deceitful tongue.
Therefore shall God destroy thee, take from thee
Thy dwelling place, and root thee out for ever.
This shall the righteous see, and rev'rence God ;
And of this mighty tyrant they shall say,
' This is the man who trusted not in God,

Self-strengthen'd with his wickedness and wealth,
But like an olive tree that's ever green,
I flourish in the temple of my God ;
My trust is in his mercy evermore.
To thee, O Lord, my thanks are ever due,
For all the mighty things that thou hast done :
My hope is in thy name, among thy saints,
Thy mercy and thy goodness I'll adore.

PSALM LIII.

THE fool in heart hath said, 'There is no God,'
Corrupt they are, and in their doings vile,
Among them none—not one that doeth good.
The Lord from heav'n beheld the sons of men,
And saw that none would seek the living God.
They're all departed from the way of truth,
They're all corrupt ; not one that doeth good.
Have they no knowledge? are they all become
Workers of mischief, eating up, as bread,
My people, and call not upon the Lord.

But they shall fear ; for God is with the just.
The counsel of the poor ye have despis'd,
And why ? because his refuge is in God.
O that from Sion Israel's health might spring !
That from captivity the Lord would lead
His people ; then should Israel's tribe be glad,
And all the sons of Jacob shout for joy.

PSALM LIV.

PRESERVE me, Lord, for thy name's sake, O
judge

And vindicate the justice of my cause.
O hear my pray'r, and hearken to my words.
Against me strangers are ris'n up, and men
Of violence pursue with hate my soul,
Aliens from God ; yet God is my support,
He is the friend of all that are my friends :
But to mine enemies he shall return
Evil for evil, this their just reward.

An offering of a grateful heart, O Lord,
I freely offer, and will praise thy name,
Which from my trouble hath deliver'd me,
And made me see my wish upon my foes.

PSALM LV.

GIVE ear unto my pray'r O God, nor hide
Thyself from my petition ; be not deaf
To my complaint ; my groans, my cries regard :
Such the oppression of mine enemies,
Such their reproaches, that with wickedness
They charge me, and detest me in their wrath.
My heart within me is disquieted,
The fear of death hath seiz'd me, and a dread
And trembling horrible have me o'erwhelm'd :
O that I had but wings, that like a dove
I might fly hence into the wilderness,
And there remain in safety from my foes.
No storm, no tempest, not that worst of storms,

The tempest of my foes, could reach me there.
Destroy their tongues, O Lord, their tongues di-
vide,

Within their walls is violence and strife ;
Within their walls they go about by day,
By night ; deceit and guile is in their streets.
’Twas not an open enemy that me
Dishonour’d thus, for that I could have borne ;
It was not one who hated me, that rais’d
Himself against me, then I should have hid
Myself from him—but it was even thou,
My counsellor, my own familiar friend.
Sweet was our counsel, to the house of God
We walk’d united. Let death seize on them,
And let them quick descend into the grave,
For in their habitations mischief dwells.
But as for me, I ’ll call upon the Lord,
And he, my God, shall save me from my foes.
Ev’ning and morning, and at noon will I
Pray without ceasing, and he ’ll hear my voice.

Are in thy vial, noted in thy book.

When unto thee I cry, then shall my foes

Be put to flight, for God is on my side.

In God's word I rejoice, in the Lord's word

I put my trust, nor shall I be afraid

What man can do unto me. I have vow'd

To thee, O God, and will perform my vows ;

My soul from death, my feet from falling too

Thou hast delivered, that I may walk

Before thy presence in the light of life.

PSALM LVII.

Be merciful, O God, be merciful

Unto me, for in thee my soul doth trust.

Under the shadow of thy mighty wings

Shall be my refuge 'till this tyranny

Be overpast ; unto the God most high,

Unto the God that shall perform my cause

My voice I'll raise, and he from heav'n shall send,

Shall save me from the vile reproach of him
That would my soul destroy : his mercy, truth,
Shall save my life by lions round beset,
Beset by men, whose hearts are all on fire,
Whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their
tongue

As a sharp sword. Be thou exalted, Lord,
Above the heav'ns, thy name above the earth.
A net they have prepared for my feet ;
A pit have digged to entrap my life,
Into the midst of which themselves are fall'n.
My heart, O God, my heart is still prepar'd
To sing and give thee praise. Awake my tongue,
Awake my lute, my harp ; and I myself
With all the pow'rs within me will awake
To give thee thanks among the people, Lord,
To celebrate thy name in all the world.
Thy mercy, Lord, extends unto the heav'ns,
Thy truth unto the clouds : exalt thyself
Above the heav'ns, thy name above the earth.

PSALM LVIII.

YE people, do ye righteousness then speak ?
Do ye uprightly judge, ye sons of men ?
Mischief is in your heart, and in your hands
All violence and wrong upon the earth.
The wicked are estranged from the womb ;
As soon as they are born, they utter lies.
Their poison as a serpent's poison is ;
Like the deaf adder they refuse to hear
The charmer's voice, though he may wisely charm.
Break thou the jaw-bones of these lions, Lord,
Dash out their teeth, and let them fall away
As waters which incessantly fast flow ;
And when they bend the bow, let all their shafts
Be as a bruised and a broken reed.
As a snail melteth, so let them decay ;
And let them perish as untimely births
Which never breath'd the air, nor saw the sun.

Sooner than caldrons can with burning thorns
Be heated, in his indignation God
Shall blast them with a whirlwind, burn them up.
The righteous shall rejoice when thus they see
The vengeance of the Lord upon th' unjust,
Their blood pour'd out, and trodden under feet.
'A just reward the righteous still awaits'
Shall all men say ; 'doubtless there is a God
That judgeth uprightly in all the earth.'

PSALM LIX.

DELIVER me, O God, from all my foes,
From those that rise against me rescue me,
Save me from wicked and blood-thirsty men :
For lo, they lurk in secret for my soul,
The mighty men against me gather'd are,
Not for my sin, nor for my crime, O Lord.
They run together, and prepare themselves,
Without my fault ; arise thou to my aid.

Awake, stand up, O God of Israël,
O Lord, thou God of hosts, to visit all
The heathen, neither let thy mercy reach
To those who out of malice dare transgress.
They come, they go at ev'ning ; like a dog
They grin, they snarl, and through the city run.
Lo! with their mouths they belch out hideous
words,
Swords in their lips, 'For who,' say they, 'doth
hear.'

But thou, O Lord, shalt laugh at them, shalt have
The heathen in derision. His great strength
Makes me to fly to thee, O Lord, for aid ;
Thou my defence, God of my mercy, thou
Shalt me prevent, and let me see my wish
Upon mine enemies. Preserve them still
As monuments of thy displeasure, lest
My people should forget it ; scatter them,
And bring them down by thy great pow'r, O
Lord,

Our shield, and our defence. They in their pride
 Shall be surpris'd, for the big swelling words,
 For all the lies and curses that they speak.
 Consume them in thy wrath, and let them know
 That it is God who rules in Israëi,
 And to the utmost bounds of this wide earth.
 They come, they go at ev'ning, like a dog
 They grin, they snarl, and through the city run.
 Let them with pinching hunger be oppress'd,
 And ramble all the night in quest of food.
 But of thy mercy, and thy pow'r, O Lord,
 I'll sing before the day springs from on high,
 For thou hast been my refuge and defence
 In all my trouble: unto thee I'll sing,
 God of my strength, and my all-gracious God.

PSALM LX.

IN thy displeasure thou hast cast us off
 And scatter'd us, O Lord; O turn again.

This land has been divided, it has shook
From its foundations, cure the wounds thereof,
Heal its divisions, for 'tis greatly mov'd.
Thou to thy people heavy things hast shewn,^o
To them hast giv'n a draught of deadly wine.
And yet a standard to all those that fear
Thy name, and trust in thee, thou hast display'd;
That thy elect may be delivered,
Save them with thy right hand, and hear my
pray'r.

What God hath promis'd in his holiness
I will with joy possess, I will divide
Shechem, the vale of Succoth measure out *;
Gilead is mine, and mine Manassch is,
Ephraim my strength, and Judah my law-giver;
Moab my wash-pot, Edom I will tread
Under my feet; Philistia, now belike,
Thou wilt rejoice and triumph over me.

* Vide Psalm 108.

Who is it, that will bring me to the gates,
Of the strong city? into Edom lead me?
Is it not thou, O God, who cast us off?
And with our armies thou would'st not go forth.
Be thou our help, O Lord, in time of need,
Vain is the help of man, but through our God
Under our feet th' oppressors we will tread.

PSALM LXI.

HEAR and attend, to thee I cry, O Lord,
From the remotest part of Judah's land,
My heart with grief oppress'd; O set me up
Upon the rock that higher is than I.
Thou art my hope, the tow'r of my defence
Against my foes; I will for ever dwell
Under the cov'ring of thy wings, O Lord,
In the delightful place of thy abode.
For my petitions, thou, O Lord, hast heard,
The heritage of those that fear thy name

To me hast given. The king's life, O Lord,
Thou wilt prolong, and generations add
Unto his years ; he shall abide for ev'r
Before his God ; thy mercy and thy truth
Be his defence ! then to thy holy name
All praise I'll sing, and all my vows perform.

PSALM LXII.

TRULY my soul still waiteth on the Lord,
From him is my salvation ; he my rock,
He my defence, so that I shall not fall.
How long will ye imagine in your hearts
Mischief against a man ? Ye shall be slain,
Ye all shall be like an impending wall,
Or as a fence laid level with the ground.
Their consultation is to cast him down
Whom God will soon advance ; their great de-
light
Is lying ; with their mouth they speak fair words,

They bless, but mean-while with their heart they
curse.

My soul, wait thou on God alone, in him
Is all my hope, he only is my rock
And my salvation ; he is my defence ;
My glory and my refuge is in God,
I never shall be moved. Trust in him,
Ye people, and pour out to him your hearts ;
He is our hope, our only refuge he.
As for the sons of men, or high or low,
They all are vain ; if in the balance weigh'd,
They're lighter found than vanity itself.
O trust not in oppression, be not vain
With riches got by robbery and fraud.
God in his word hath spoken, oft hath said,
' All pow'r in heav'n and earth belongs to me.'
Thou too, O Lord, art merciful, for thou
Rend'rest to ev'ry man as is his work.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, my God, before the dawn of day
Thee will I seek, my flesh for thee
Longs in a barren and a thirsty land
Where water never springs. I long to see
Thy pow'r and glory in that hallow'd place
Where I have oft beheld them ; for thy love
To me is dearer than my very soul.
My lips shall praise thee, I will bless thee ev'r,
While thus my hands I lift up in thy name.
My soul with sweet repast thou 'lt satisfy ;
When in my bed I will remember thee,
On thee in my night-watches meditate.
My helper thou hast been, and therefore I
Under the shadow of thy wings rejoice.
My soul on thee depends, and thy right hand
Upholdeth me ; but those that seek my soul,
Those shall descend with sorrow to the grave ;

They by the sword shall fall, and they shall be
 A portion for the wild-beasts. But the king
 In his own God shall joy, and such as swear
 By his great name ; and the base mouth of them
 That utter lies in silence shall be clos'd

PSALM LXIV.

HEAR me, O God, when unto thee I cry,
 Preserve me from the fear of all my foes ;
 From their close counsel, from the rising up
 Of wicked men against me, hide me, Lord.
 Their tongues as swords they whet, they bend
 . their bows
 To shoot their arrows, even bitter words ;
 They shoot in secret at the perfect man,
 They hit him and fear not ; their great delight
 Is mischief ; they commune among themselves
 Of laying snares, and say that none shall see.
 They in their hearts imagine wickedness—

This is their study, and their practice this.

But God shall smite them with a winged shaft ;

And their own words shall on themselves recoil,

Shall them expose to hatred and contempt.

All men who this behold shall fear, and say,

‘ This hath God done, this is his righteous work.’

The righteous shall be glad, shall put their trust

In God, and all the upright shall rejoice.

PSALM LXV.

THOU, Lord, in Sion’s holy hill art prais’d ;

To thee in Salem is the vow perform’d.

O thou that hear’st the pray’r, to thee shall come

The whole race of mankind. Be merciful

To my transgressions, purge them all away !

Blessed the man in whom thou tak’st delight,

In thy courts he shall dwell, be satisfy’d

With the great joys thy holy temple yields.

Thou in thy righteousness, O God, wilt shew us

Things wonderful, O thou that art the hope
Of all that dwell upon the sea-girt carth.
Thou in thy strength the mountains hast set fast ;
Such is thy pow'r, thou calm'st the raging sea,
The roaring waves, the people's madness rul'st.
All they who dwell in the remotest parts
Shall fear, and morn and eve shall praise thy
name.

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it,
And with thy rivers wat'rest it, O God ;
Thou causest rain to come down on the hills,
And in the valleys to enrich the soil,
And make it teem with crops of yellow grain.
Thy goodness crowns the seasons, and thy clouds
Drop fatness on the wilderness ; the sheep
Cover the pastures, and the little hills
And valleys, crown'd with corn, rejoice and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

YE nations of the earth, in God rejoice,
Sing praises to the honour of his name,
Make his praise glorious. Say unto the Lord,
' How wonderful art thou in all thy works.'
The greatness of thy pow'r shall make thy foes
Submit themselves unto thee ; all the earth
Shall worship thee, and sing unto thy name.
Come hither, and behold the works of God,
How wonderful his works to Israel's sons !
The sea he turned back, and made a way
For his own people, while the waters stood
In heaps on either side to let them pass,
As on dry land ; how great was then our joy !
His pow'r is everlasting, and his eye
Sees all things at one view ; the rebel tribe
Shall not exalt themselves : O bless our God,
Ye people ; in his praise your voice employ.

In him we live, in him our being have,
Our feet he stablisheth ; for thou, O God,
Hast prov'd, hast try'd us ev'n as silver 's try'd.
Thou broughtest us into the net, thou laid'st
Affliction on our loins ; thou suffer'dst men
To tread us down under their horses' hoofs.
We went through fire, through water, but at last
Thou broughtest us into a wealthy land.
I with burnt-off'rings will approach thy house ;
My vows I'll pay which my lips uttered,
And my mouth promis'd when I trouble felt.
Burnt-sacrifices with th' incense of rams,
Bullocks and goats I'll on thy altar place.
Come then and hear, all ye that fear the Lord,
I will declare what he hath done for me.
To him I called with my mouth ; to him
Gave praises with my tongue ; if in my heart
I wickedness regard, God will not hear ;
But he hath heard, and to my voice attends.

Blessed be God, who all my pray'rs receives,
And never turns his mercy from my reach.

PSALM LXVII.

HAVE mercy on us, Lord, and cause the bright
Effulgence of thy face to shine on us,
That thy way may be known upon the earth,
Thy saving health among the sons of men.
Thee let the people praise, O God, let all
The nations round be glad and sing for joy ;
For thou the people righteously shalt judge,
And govern all the nations upon earth.
Thee let the people praise, O God, let all
The people praise thee ; then the foodful earth
Shall yield her increase : us our God shall bless,
And all mankind shall his great name adore.

PSALM LXVIII.

LET God arise, his enemies disperse,
Let all that hate him flee before his face.
Like as the smoke before the wind is driv'n,
So drive thou them, O Lord; and like as wax
Before the scorching fire is liquefy'd,
So let the wicked at thy presence fall.
But let the righteous men be glad, rejoice
Before the Lord, exceedingly rejoice.
Sing to the Lord, sing praises to his name,
And by his name Jehovah him extol,
Who rideth on the heav'ns, his praise resound.
A father of the fatherless, a judge
Of widows in his holy place he sits.
Houses and issue to the destitute
He gives, and from their chains the captives frees,
But barrenness and scarceness is the lot
Of the rebellious. When thou wentest forth,

O God, before thy people, when thou led'st
Their army through the barren wilderness,
The earth from her foundations shook, the
heav'ns

Were bowed down ; Sinai itself was mov'd
When Israel's God display'd his awful pow'r ;
Upon thy land, O God, when parch'd with
drought

Thou pouredst water of the rain of heav'n.
In that blest land thy people, Lord, has dwelt,
Where for the poor thy bounty still provides.
The Lord commanded, and the virgin train
Went forth before our conqu'ring hosts, and
sung,

'The kings, the kings are fled, and they who stay
At home with us shall all their spoils divide.'

Though heretofore ye led a servile life,
In making bricks and pots, yet ye shall be
As a dove's wings with silver cover'd o'er,
And all her feathers spangled as with gold.

As snow in Salmon were they then as white,
When for their sake th' Almighty scatter'd kings.
The hill of Sion is as Bashan's hill ;
Why lift ye up your proud heads, ye high hills ?
This is God's hill, in which he loves to dwell ;
In it he will abide for evermore.
In it are myriads of his angels plac'd,
He in the midst, as on the secret top
Of Sinai he once dwelt. Thou art gone up
On high, and thou captivity hast led
Captive, and to thy people gavest gifts ;
And e'en thine enemies thy bounty share.
Blessed be God, who daily loadeth us
With benefits, he is our God, the God
Of our salvation ; unto him belong
From death the issues ; he shall wound the head
Of all his foes, moreo'er the hairy scalp
Of such as in their wickedness proceed.
The Lord hath said ; ' My people I will bring
Again from Bashan, them I'll bring again,

As heretofore I brought them through the deep;
That thy foot may be dipped in the blood
Of all thine enemies, and that the dogs
May lick the same.' Thy goings they have seen,
Thy goings in the sanctuary, Lord ;
The singers went before, and they that play'd
On instruments came next ; amongst them were
The damsels with their timbrels. Bless your God
In your assemblies, ye of Jacob's race ;
Let the small tribe of Benjamin be there,
Be with its prince, and Judah's princes too,
Your princes, Zabulon and Nephthali.
Thy God hath giv'n thee strength ; confirm, O
 Lord,
The mighty things that thou hast done for us,
And for thy temple at Jerusalem
Kings shall bring gifts, and lay them at thy feet.
Rebuke, O Lord, the spearmen, the wild-beasts
Among the nations that delight in war,
Then shall they bring their off'rings unto thee ;

To thee shall Egypt, Ethiopia sue.
Sing unto God, ye kingdoms of the earth,
Sing praises due unto his holy name.
He, the Eternal, sitteth on the heav'n
Of heavens ; lo, he sendeth out his voice,
And that a mighty voice ; ascribe ye pow'r
To Israel's God, his strength is in the clouds.
How awful in thy sanctuaries, Lord,
Art thou, the God of Israel ! thou giv'st
Strength to thy chosen people. Blest be God.

PSALM LXIX.

SAVE me, O God, for by the mire and floods
I am encompassed, and for my feet
No resting place remains ; with ceaseless cry
To God I make complaint : my throat is dry'd,
And mine eyes fail, while for my God I wait.
They that without a cause have hated me
Out-number all the hairs upon my head.

Their table be their snare, and that which should
Have for their welfare been become their trap.

Let darkness seize their eyes, and pain their loins;

Pour out on them the vial of thy wrath,

And let their palaces be desolate.

For him they persecute whom thou hast smote,

And them whom thou hast wounded they revile.

To their iniquity add punishment,

Nor let them come into thy righteousness.

Let them be blotted from the book of life,

And not be written with the righteous souls.

When I am poor and helpless, O my God,

Let thy salvation set me up on high.

My song shall praise the name of God, my

thanks

Shall magnify him; this shall please the Lord

Better than bulls prepar'd for sacrifice.

This shall the humble see, and shall be glad,

And all that seek the Lord shall have great joy:

The poor, the captives, God despiseth not.

Let heav'n and earth the seas, and ev'ry thing
That therein moveth, praise the name of God ;
For Sion he will save, and he will build
Judah's strong cities, that his servant's seed
Therein may dwell, their lasting heritage ;
And all that love his name shall dwell therein.

PSALM LXX.

MAKE haste, O Lord, to help me, let all those
That seek my life be cover'd with their shame.
Do thou rebuke all those who wish me ill ;
Let them who in derision say, ' Aha, aha,'
Confounded be ; let shame be their reward.
But let all those that love thy name rejoice,
Be glad in thee, and say, ' The Lord be prais'd.'
Though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord
Regardeth me. Thou art my helper, thou
My saviour. Make no tarrying, my God.

PSALM LXXI.

IN thee, O Lord, I trust, O let me not
Confounded be ! but in thy righteousness
Rid and deliver me from all my foes ;
To me thine ear incline, my life preserve,
Be thou to me an habitation strong,
To which I may continually resort ;
Me thou hast promised to save, for thou
Art my strong rock, the house of my defence.
Deliver me, my God, out of the hand
Of the ungodly, and the cruel man.
For thou, O Lord, hast ever been my hope,
E'en from my youth my trust hath been in thee.
By thee I've been supported from the womb,
'T was thou that rear'dst me from my mother's
breasts ;
My praise shall be continually of thee.
A monster unto many I'm become,

But my strong refuge is in thee, my God.
O let my mouth be filled with thy praise!
Thy glory be the subject of my song!
Cast me not off when I grow old; and when
My strength shall fail me, O forsake me not.
Mine enemies against me speak, and they
That for my soul lay wait, their counsel take
Together, saying 'God hath him forsook;
Pursue and take him; none shall rescue him.'
Be not far from me, Lord my God, make haste
To my assistance; let mine enemies
Confounded be, and cover'd with their shame.
But I will hope incessantly, will praise
Thee more and more; my mouth shall daily speak
Of thy salvation, and thy righteous acts
Boundless, and which no numbers can recount.
In thy strength I will walk, will mention make
Of thee, and of thy righteousness alone.
Thou, O my God, hast taught me from my
youth;

Thy wondrous works I always have declar'd.
Now when I'm old, and when with hoary hairs
My head is cover'd, O forsake me not,
Till I have shewn thy strength, thy mighty pow'r,
To this, and unto ages yet to come.
Thy righteousness, O God, is very high ;
Great are the works that thou, O Lord, hast
done.
O God of hosts, who like to thee is strong?
Thou, who hast shewn me troubles great and
sore,
Shalt quicken me again, shalt bring me up
From the abyss below ; thou shalt increase
My greatness, thou shalt turn and comfort me.
Thee, and thy righteousness, O God, I'll praise;
With psaltery, with harp to thee I'll sing,
O thou, the holy one of Israël !
My lips, when unto thee I sing, shall joy ;
My soul by thee redeemed shall rejoice.
My tongue thy righteousness unceasingly

Shall tell; for all who seek to do me ill
Confounded are, and cover'd with their shame.

PSALM LXXII.

GIVE to the king thy judgements, O my God,
And give thy righteousness unto his son.
He then thy people shall with justice judge,
And of the poor shall vindicate the cause.
The mountains shall bring peace, the little hills
Unto his people shall bring righteousness.
The children of the poor he shall protect,
And break in pieces the oppressor's rod.
They, they shall fear as long as sun and moon
Endure, for endless ages yet to come.
He shall descend like rain upon the grass,
Like show'rs that water the all-foodful earth.
Justice and peace shall flourish in his times,
Until the moon shall cease to give her light.
From sea to sea his kingdom shall extend,

And from the flood to earth's extremest bound.
All that inhabit the wild wilderness
Shall bow before him, and shall lick the dust.
The kings of Tarshish shall their presents bring,
Kings of Arabia their gifts present,
All kings, all people, shall their homage pay.
The needy when he crieth he will save,
The poor, and him that no protector hath.
He shall redeem their soul from violence,
And precious in his sight shall be their blood.
His soul shall live, Arabia's choicest gold
To him be given ; for him daily pray'r
Be made, and daily praised shall he be.
Rich crops of corn shall on the mountains grow,
Thick as the waving trees of Lebanon ;
The cities, and all those that therein dwell,
Shall flourish as the plants for ever green.
His name for ever shall endure, his name
Long as the sun shall last, and men shall be
Blessed in him, all nations shall him bless.

All blessing be ascribed to the Lord;
 The God of Jacob, who alone can do
 Things wondrous ; blessed be his glorious name,
 His glorious majesty, and let the earth
 Be filled with his majesty. Amen.

PSALM LXXIII.

To Israël's sons how gracious is the Lord !
 How loving to the pure in heart our God !
 And yet my feet, my steps from virtue's path
 Had almost deviated, when I saw
 With envious eyes the wicked prosper so.
 Their thread of life is close and firmly spun ;
 No plagues, no troubles discompose their rest ;
 What others suffer they nor feel, nor care.
 Pride, as a chain of gold, surrounds their necks ;
 They clothe themselves with rapine as a robe.
 Their eyes with fatness swell, and their proud
 hearts

Have more than they could wish : they are corrupt ;

They speak, they act oppression ; full of pride,
They set their mouth against the heav'ns above,
Their tongue let loose to walk throughout the
earth.

God's people thus they draw aside, who drink
Of their full cup, and say, 'How doth God know?
Doth he perceive? Doth he such things regard?'
Lo! these are they who prosper in the world,
In riches who abound :—And have I then
Cleansed my heart in vain, and wash'd my hands
In innocence? All the day long have I
Been punished, and chasten'd ev'ry morn.
If I should say, if I should act as they,
I should condemn the children of my God.
Then with myself I thought to understand
How these things were, but could not comprehend
Till to the holy place of God I went,
And there I learnt the end of all such men.

How thou in slipp'ry places hast them set,
Hast cast them down, and in a moment brought
To desolation and a fearful end.

Like as a dream when sleep forsakes the sense,
So thou, O Lord, their image shalt disperse.
Thus was my heart, my reins within me griev'd,
So foolish was I, and so ignorant,
That as a beast to thee I must appear.

Yet I, O Lord, have ever with thee been ;
Thou me hast holden by my hand, and thou
Shalt guide me with thy counsel, and at last
Receive me to thy glory. Whom have I
In heav'n but thee? Who is there on the earth
That I besides thee can desire? My flesh,
My heart may fail, but in God is my strength,
And he my portion is for evermore.

All those who thee forsake shall perish ; all
Who worship other gods shall be destroy'd.
I will approach to God ; my trust in him
I will repose, and speak of all his works.

PSALM LXXIV.

O God, why hast thou cast us off for ev'r?
Why doth thine anger smoke against the sheep
Of thine own pasture? On thy people think,
Purchas'd by thee, by thee redeem'd of old,
The tribe of thine inheritance; O think
Of Sion's hill, wherein thou lov'dst to dwell.
To that fair hill lift up thy steps again:
Behold the desolation they have made!
Behold the ruin of thy sanctu'ry!
They in the midst thereof vociferous
Their standards raise, their ensigus they display.
Most beautiful the work of those who built
The sanctuary! now 'tis broken down,
And all the carved work thereof destroy'd.
The fire, the ax, the hammer have laid waste
Thy dwelling-place, now levell'd with the ground.
'Come, let us make an end,' they cry'd; and lo!

They burnt up all thy houses in the land.
We see no signs of our deliverance,
Amongst us not one prophet to foretell.
How long, how long, O God, shall th' enemy
Reproach us? and thy holy name blaspheme?
Why from thy bosom draw'st thou not thy hand,
Thy right hand to consume them? pluck it out.
God is my king of old; all help on earth
Is by his hand. By thy almighty pow'r
Thou didst divide the sea, thy people ledd'st
Through it; the great * Leviathan, and all
His mighty dragons, perish'd in the waves.
Thou fedd'st thy people in the wilderness;
Thou clav'st the rock, and straightway issu'd forth
The living brook; thou dry'dst up mighty streams.
The day is thine, the night is also thine,
For thou hast made the light, and thou the sun.
Thou too hast fix'd the bound'ries of the earth;

* Pharaoh and his captains.

That foolish people have blasphem'd t
Deliver not the soul of thy belov'd.
Unto the multitude of enemies ;
Forget not the assemblies of the poor:
Regard the covenant, for all the earth
Is fill'd with violence. Let not th' of
Ashamed be, but let them praise thy
Arise, O God, thine own cause to de
Remember the reproaches of the fool,
Nor e'er forget the clamours of thy f
Whose mad presumption all thy pow'

PSALM LXXV.

To thee, O God, do we give thanks,
Do we give thanks for all thy wondro

Divided are : her pillars I support.
 ' Be not so wicked,' to the fools said I ;
 And to the wicked, ' Lift not up the horn ;
 Be not so proud, be not so stiff of neck.'
 Promotion cometh not from east, or west,
 Or from the south ; it is from God alone :
 He one debases, and he one exalts.
 For in his hand there is a cup, the wine
 Is red, 't is mixt ; He poureth out the same :
 To me, and to my people all the good ;
 As for the wicked, they shall drink the dregs.
 I will declare for ever, I will sing
 Praises to Jacob's God ; but all the horns
 Of wicked men I will cut off, will break ;
 As for the just, their horn shall be lift up.

PSALM LXXVI.

IN Judah is God known, his name is great
 In Israël ; at Salem he has plac'd

His tabernacle, and on Sion's hill

His dwelling is ; there brake he the strong bow,

The shield, and all the instruments of war.

Thou art more excellent and glorious far

Than they that from the mountains prey'd on us :

But they are spoiled, they have slept their sleep,

And all their bold attempts are frustrated ;

The chariot and the horse are both destroy'd.

Thou, even thou, of all art to be fear'd ;

Who can support the terror of thy wrath ?

When thou didst cause thy judgement to be heard

From heav'n, the earth then trembled, and was still,

When God arose to judge and help the meek.

The wrath of man shall praise thee, and their

wrath

Thou shalt restrain. O all of Jacob's seed,

Vow ye, and pay your vows unto the Lord ;

He shall subdue the heart of princes, he

Is terrible to all the kings on earth.

PSALM LXXVII.

To God I cry, to God my voice I raise,
And he shall hear me. In the troublous time
I sought the Lord with unremitting pray'r,
With elevated hands, and soul depress'd.
I in my heaviness remember'd God ;
I from my vexed spirit pour'd my plaint.
Sleepless mine eyes, and feeble is my voice ;
On days of old, on years of ages past
I meditate ; by night I call to mind
My songs to thee ; my spirits I search out ;
I commune with my heart, and thus complain :
' Will God absent himself? Will he no more
Entreated be? Are all his mercies gone,
For ever gone, his promises forgot,
His loving kindness shut out by his wrath ?'
This is my foolishness ; the hand of God
Is still the same ; it cannot be restrain'd.

I will remember thy great works, O Lord,
And call to mind thy wonders of old time.
Thy works, thy ways shall be the constant theme
Of my discourse. Thy way is holy, Lord;
Among the gods no god is like to thee.
The mighty wonders thou hast done, declare
Thy pow'r to all the world. Israël's sons
By thee were mightily delivered.
The waters saw thee, Lord, they saw, and fled;
The deep was troubled, and the clouds pour'd out
Waters, and fiery flaming thunder-bolts;
The lightnings trail'd upon the ground, the earth
Was mov'd with fear, and from the centre shook.
Thy way is in the sea, and in the waves
Thy paths; thy foot-steps never can be known.
Thou ledd'st thy people like a flock of sheep
By Moses' hand, and Aaron's wondrous rod.

PSALM LXXVIII.

GIVE ear, my people, to my law ; attend
Unto my words ; my mouth in parables
I'll open, and declare things long since past,
Which we have heard and known ; things which
our sires
Have told to us, we to our children tell;
The praise of God, his pow'r, and marv'lous
works.
With Israël a covenant he made,
He gave a law, and our fore-fathers bade
To teach the same to their posterity
From age to age till time shall be no more :
That they might put their trust in God, and not
Forget his works, but all his statutes keep ;
And might not be as their fore-fathers were,
A faithless, stubborn, stiff-neck'd race of men ;
Their mind corrupt, their heart averse from God :

Like Ephraim's sons who from the battle fled.
God's covenant they kept not, they refus'd
His laws to walk in, all his wondrous works
Forgotten were, the mighty acts he wrought
In Egypt's land, and in the field of Zoan did.
The sea he open'd, and he made a way
For them to pass ; the waves on either side
As mountains stood. By day he with a cloud
Conducted them ; and all the night with fire.
He clave the rocks, he in the wilderness
Brought streams out of the rocks, he made them
flow

Like rivers. Yet they sinn'd against him more,
Provoking in the desert the most high.
They tempted God ; of him they asked meat
To gratify their lust ; him they blasphem'd.
' Can God,' said they, ' in this vast wilderness
A table furnish ? True, he smote the rock
That waters gushed out, and streams o'erflow'd ;
Bread also can he give ? can he provide

Flesh for his people ?' This Jehovah heard,
Was wroth ; so that a fire was kindled up
In Jacob, anger against Israël,
Because they not in God believ'd, nor put
Their trust in him, though he had open'd wide
The doors of heav'n ; though he had made the
clouds

Pour manna down upon them for to eat,
The food of angels, the celestial bread.
He then commanded an east-wind to blow,
And by his pow'r he brought in the south-wind.
He rained flesh upon them thick as dust,
And show'rs of quails as numberless as sand
On the sea-beaten shores ; they fell among
Their tents, and in the midst, and all around
Their camp ; they ate to their satiety.

But while the meat was in their mouth, the wrath
Of God came down upon them, and destroy'd
The wealthiest, and mightiest of their host.
And yet they sinned more, nor then believ'd

His wondrous works. In vanity their days
Consumed were, in trouble all their years.
But when he slew them, him they early sought,
They turned, and inquired after God.
They then remember'd that God was their rock,
The high God their redeemer. Yet not less
Him with their mouth they flatter'd, and they lied
Unto him with their tongues, their heart not
right,
Nor were they steadfast in his covenant:
But he, compassionate and merciful,
Forgave their sins, and them destroyed not.
His anger oft at times he turn'd away,
His wrath restrain'd; he knew how frail their
frame,
A wind that passes, and returns no more.
How oft did they provoke, how often grieve
Him in the desert! yea, they turned back,
They tempted God, and limited his pow'r;
Forgetful of his hand, and of the day

On which he sav'd them from their enemies :
Forgetful of the signs in Egypt wrought,
And in the field of Zoan his strange works.
He turn'd their rivers into blood, their floods
They could not drink : innumerable swarms
Of pois'nous flies, and frogs detestable
He sent among them. He their increase gave
Unto the caterpillar, and their land
Unto the locust ; he destroy'd their vines
With hail-stones, and with frost their sycamores.
With hail-stones also he their cattle smote,
And with hot thunder-bolts their fleecy flocks.
The fierceness of his anger he pour'd out,
And sent amongst them angels of his wrath.
His indignation spared not their soul,
But gave their life to pestilence a prey.
Egypt's first-born he smote, chief of their
strength,
In all the dwellings of the sons of Ham :
But his own people he brought forth, he led

Them through the desert like a flock of sheep.

He brought them safely out, devoid of fear,

O'erwhelm'd their adversaries with the sea;

Within the borders of his sanctu'ry

He brought them; even to this holy mount

Which his right hand had purchased. He cast

The heathen out: and for an heritage

Their lands divided, and he made the tribes

Of Israël to dwell in all their tents.

Yet they provok'd, they tempted the most high,

His statutes they kept not, but turned back

Like all their fathers; they were turn'd aside

As a deceitful and a broken bow;

For they with their hill-altars grieved him,

And made him jealous with their images.

When God this notic'd, he was wroth, he took

At Israël displeasure; he forsook

Thy tabernacle, Shiloh, e'en the tent

Which he had pitch'd among the sons of men.

His strength, his glory he deliver'd up,

And made it captive to the enemy.
His people he gave over to the sword,
When he was wroth with his inheritance.
Their young men were consum'd with fire, their
 maids
Connubial rites knew not; their priests were
 slain,
Nor wept their widows at their funeral.
Then God awaked, as one out of sleep,
And like a mighty man refresh'd with wine;
His enemies, who fled before his face,
He smote, and put them to perpetual shame.
He nor in Joseph nor in Ephraim
His tabernacle fix'd, but chose the tribe
Of Judah, and mount Sion which he lov'd.
There he his tabernacle built on high,
It's sure foundations fix'd upon a rock.
His servant David, while the fleecy flocks
He tended big with young, Jehovah brought
To feed his chosen people, Jacob's sons,

And Israël, his lasting heritage.
He fed them with a faithful and true heart,
And rul'd them prudently with all his pow'r.

PSALM LXXIX.

O God, the heathen nations have possess'd
Thine heritage, thy temple have defil'd,
And made Jerusalem an heap of stones.
The bodies of thy servants have they giv'n
Unto the fowls, and to the beasts a prey.
Their blood like water round Jerusalem
Was pour'd, their scatter'd bones unburied lay.
Of all the neighb'ring nations to the scorn,
Derision, and reproach we are expos'd.
How long, O Lord, how long wilt thou be
wroth?
How long shall burn thy jealousy, like fire?
On all that know thee not, on all thy name
That disregard, thine indignation pour;

Jacob they have destroy'd, they have laid waste
His dwelling-place. O Lord, remember not
Our former crimes. Have mercy on us, haste
To our relief, now humbled to the grave.
God of our hope! for thy great glory's sake
Deliver us, and purge away our sins.
Why should the heathen blasphemously say
'Where is their God?' O let the vengeance then
Of all thy servants' blood that has been shed,
Be shewn upon the heathen in our sight.
O hear the pris'ners' sighing and complaint,
According to the greatness of thy pow'r
Save thou all those that they have doom'd to die:
And render to our neighbours seven-fold
Into their bosom all the vile reproach,
Wherewith they have reproached thee, O Lord.
So we that are thy people, and the sheep
Of thine own pasture, still shall praise thy name
From sire to son in all succeeding times.

PSALM LXXX.

SHEPHERD of Israël, that like a flock
Didst Joseph lead, attend unto our pray'r;
O thou that sitt'st between the cherubim,
Shine forth, and thy almighty pow'r display
Before Manasseh, Ephraim, Benjamin;
O come and save us, turn thou us again,
Let thy face shine on us, and we shall live.
Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou reject
Thy people's pray'r? Thou feedest them with
bread,
The bread of tears, and giv'st them tears to drink.
The people round us striving for our spoil,
Expose us to contempt, and open shame.
Turn us again, O Lord, thou God of hosts,
Let thy face on us shine, and we shall live.
From Egypt's land thou broughtest forth a vine;
The heathen thou cast out, and plantedst it.

For it thou madest room to grow ; it took
Deep root, it filled all the land ; the hills
Were cover'd with its shadow, and its boughs
Were like the branches of the cedar trees.
She stretched out her branches to the sea,
Her boughs extended to Euphrates' banks.
Why hast thou then her fences overthrown,
And giv'n her fruits to the rude traveller's hands ?
The boar out of the wood doth root it up,
The wild beast of the field hath laid it waste.
Turn thee again, thou God of hosts, look down
From heav'n, behold, and visit this thy vine ;
Visit the vineyard chosen by thyself,
Which now is cut down, and destroy'd by fire,
And in thy wrath thy people are consum'd.
Let thy hand help the children thou hast chos'n,
Protect thy people by thy mighty pow'r ;
So will we never more depart from thee ;
O let us live, and we will praise thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord, thou God of hosts,
Let thy face on us shine, and we shall live.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING ye aloud unto the Lord our strength ;
And make a cheerful noise to Jacob's God.
Take ye a psalm, and hither bring the harp,
The timbrel, and the lute: the trumpet blow
In the new moon, in the appointed time,
Upon our solemn feast-days ; this was made
A law for Israël by Jacob's God.
This he ordain'd in Joseph, when he came
Out of the land of Egypt, where he heard
A language he knew not. I from his neck
The burthen have remov'd, and from his hand
The mortar and the brick. Thou call'dst on me,
And from thy troubles I deliver'd thee.
I from the secret top of Sinai's mount

In thunder answer'd thee. I prov'd thee too
At Massah, and the streams of Meribah.
Hear, O my people, I will testify
To thee, O Israel, if thou 'lt hear my voice,
No foreign God shall be in all thy coasts,
Nor shalt thou worship any other God.
I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out
From Egypt's land; I all thy wants supply'd.
But to my voice my people hearken'd not,
I therefore gave them up to their own lusts,
The vain imaginations of their hearts.
O that my people would have heard my voice!
And Israël had walked in my ways!
Their enemies I soon should have subdu'd,
And 'gainst their adversaries turn'd my hand.
The haters of their God had been put down,
And their own time prolonged in the land.
He would have fed them with the finest flour,
And purest honey from the rock distill'd.

PSALM LXXXII.

Among the mighty princes of the land
God standeth ; of the judges he the judge.
How long will ye wrong judgement give ? how
long

The persons of the wicked will ye choose ?
Defend the fatherless, and judge the cause
Of the afflicted and necessitous ;
Preserve them from the hand of cruel men.
But they are ignorant, nor yet regard
The cause before them ; they are indolent,
Just, and unjust, are both to them alike.
Ye gods are call'd, and of the highest sons ;
But ye, however high, shall die like men.
Arise, O God, and do thou judge the earth,
For all the Heathen are thine heritage.

PSALM LXXXIII.

KEEP not thou silence, be not still, O God,
For lo thine enemies a tumult make,
And they that hate thee have lift up the head.
Against thy people, whom in secrecy
Thou hast preserv'd, they crafty counsels take.
'Come, let us cut them off,' they said: 'no more
A nation shall they be; Israel a name
No more to be remember'd.' They combine,
They are confederate against thee, all
The tents of Edom, and the Ishmaelites,
The tents of Moab, and the Hagarenes,
Of Gebal, Ammon, and of Amalech,
The Philistines with them that dwell at Tyre.
Th' Assyrian too has join'd them, by whose help
The sons of Lot are strengthen'd; do to them
As to the Midianites, to Sisera,
And unto Jabin, who at Kishon's brook

Were cut off, and destroy'd ; and unto them
Who perished at Endor, and became
As dung upon the earth ; their princes make
Like Zeb, and Oreb, Zeba, and Salmana.
' Let us,' say they, ' possess ourselves of all
The houses of their God.' Make them, O Lord,
Like to a wheel, or chaff before the wind.
Like as a fire that burneth up the wood,
And as a flame that sets the hills on fire.
So persecute them with thy whirlwind, Lord,
Make them afraid with thy tremendous storm.
Cover their face with shame, that they may seek
Thy name, O Lord ; confounded and dismay'd
Let them for ever be. Then all shall know
That thou, Jehovah (such thy awful name),
Art only the most high o'er all the earth.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable thy dwellings, Lord of hosts !
My soul e'en longeth for thy courts, O Lord ;
My heart exclaimeth for the living God.
The sparrow and the swallow make their nests,
Where they may lay their young, thine altars,
Lord.

Blessed are they that dwell within thy house,
They praise thee ever ; blessed is the man
Whose strength's in thee : in whose heart are
thy ways ;

Who passing through a thirsty valley find
Refreshing springs, or rain from clouds distill'd,
Till they arrive at Sion's holy hill.

O Lord of 'hosts, attend unto my pray'r,
Hearken, O God of Jacob, our defence.
Look on the face of thine anointed king,
For one day in thy courts devoutly spent

Is better than a thousand ; happier far
Even thy tabernacle door to keep
Than in the tents of wickedness to dwell.
The Lord God is a sun, he is a shield,
He will give grace and glory ; no good thing
Will he withhold from them who justly walk.
Lord God of hosts, thou God of Israël,
Blest is the man who puts his trust in thee.

PSALM LXXXV.

THOU, Lord, hast favoured thy holy land,
The captive sons of Jacob thou brought'st back ;
Their trespasses thou hast forgiv'n, and thou
Hast cover'd all their sins. Thou hast remov'd
The fierceness of thine anger, and thy wrath :
O let it not return ; for why wilt thou
Thy wrath extend to children yet unborn ?
Wilt thou not turn again and quicken us,
That all thy people may rejoice in thee ?

Shew us thy mercy, save us from our sins.
I will attend to what the Lord will speak ;
Peace he will surely speak ; but let them not
Return to folly ; his salvation's nigh
Unto all them that fear him, in our land
That glory may endure ; mercy and truth
Have met together ; righteousness and peace
Have kiss'd each other ; truth from out the earth
Shall spring, and righteousness from heav'n look
down.

The Lord his loving-kindness will display ;
Our land shall yield her increase ; righteousness
Shall go before him, and our steps direct.

PSALM LXXXVI.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, and hear my
pray'r,
For I am poor and needy : save my soul,
For I am holy ; save thy servant, Lord,

Who puts his trust in thee ; be merciful
Unto me ; all the day on thee I call ;
Comfort my soul, for unto thee, O Lord,
Do I lift up my soul ; for thou art good,
And ready to forgive ; in mercy thou
Art plenteous unto all that on thee call.
Give ear, O Lord, unto my pray'r, attend
Unto thy suppliant's voice ; when trouble comes
I call upon thee, and thou hearest me.
Among the gods not one is like to thee,
O Lord, nor any works like to thy works.
All nations thou hast made shall worship thee,
And glorify thy name ; for thou art great,
Wondrous thy doings ; thou art God alone.
Teach me, O Lord, thy way, and I will walk
In thy truth ; O do thou my heart unite
To thee, that I may ever fear thy name.
I thank thee with my heart, O Lord my God,
And I will praise thy name for evermore.
Great is thy mercy to me, thou hast sav'd

From the deep pit my soul. O God, the proud
Are ris'n against me ; companies of men
Iniquitous have sought to take my life.
But thou, O Lord, full of compassion art,
Plenteous in goodness and in truth : O turn
Thee unto me, and mercy have on me,
Strengthen thy servant, help thy handmaid's son.
Shew me some token of thy favour, Lord,
Which all my foes may see, and be asham'd ;
For thou hast comforted and holpen me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

THE deep foundations of his mansion God
Hath fix'd on Sion's hill ; this he loves more
Than all the dwellings in Judæa's land.
City of God ! how glorious are the things
Foretold of thee ! Egypt and Babylon,
The Philistines, with them that dwell at Tyre,
The Ethiopians all in future times

Of Sion citizens shall be inroll'd
By God's decree, and every one shall boast
That he was born in Salem ; Salem's name
The harp, the lute, the trumpet shall resound,
And all my pow'rs shall celebrate her praise.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

O God of my salvation, I have cry'd
Before thee day and night ; O let my pray'r
Enter thy presence, and my calling hear.
My soul is full of trouble, and my life
Draws nigh unto the grave ; I am as one
Descending to the pit, I have no strength.
I'm counted with the dead, like them that lie
In sepulchres shut up, whom thou no more
Rememb'rest, by thy hand they are cut off.
Thou in the dreary pit, and in the dark
Hast laid me low, thy wrath is sore on me,
And thou hast vexed me with all thy storms.

All my familiar friends thou hast remov'd
Far from my sight ; I am abhorr'd of them ;
I am shut up a pris'ner in my house.
My sight for trouble faileth ; Lord, I've call'd
Upon thee daily, I have stretched forth
My hands unto thee. Wilt thou wonders shew
Among the dead ? or shall the dead rise up,
And praise thy name within the silent grave,
Or in destruction shall thy truth proclaim ?
Or in the dark shall all thy wondrous works
Be known ? thy justice in oblivion's land ?
To thee, O Lord, I've call'd at dawn of day,
O let my early pray'r before thee come.
Why wilt thou, Lord, cast off my soul ? and why
Thy countenance withdraw ? from my youth up
Afflicted I have been with pain, and grief,
And suffer'd all thy terrors in my mind.
Thine indignation goeth over me,
Surrounding me like waves on ev'ry side ;

All my familiar friends thou hast remov'd,
And mine acquaintance hid out of my sight.

PSALM LXXXIX.

THE mercies of the Lord shall ever be
The subject of my song ; thy faithfulness,
Thy truth from age to age I will declare.
Thy mercy and thy truth shall e'er endure.
' A covenant I've made (thus thou hast said)
With David my elect, to whom I've sworn,
Thy seed will I establish evermore,
To endless ages will build up thy throne.'
O Lord, the heavens shall declare thy praise,
Thy wondrous works, thy truth among the saints.
Who is there in the heav'ns, whom with the Lord
We may compare ? Among the sons of men,
Who like to him ? Among his holy ones,
The God of hosts, how greatly to be fear'd !

Almighty pow'r and truth surround his throne.
Thou rulest, Lord, the raging of the sea,
And to the waves thou say'st, 'Ye waves, be still.'
Thou hast subdued Egypt, and destroy'd
Thine enemies with thy almighty arm.
The heav'ns are thine, the earth is also thine;
This habitable world, and all therein :
Thou, Lord, hast made the north, and thou the
south ;
Tabor and Hermon ; mighty is thy arm,
Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.
In justice and in judgement is thy throne
Established ; mercy and truth shall go
Before thy face. Blessed, O Lord, are they
That can rejoice in thee ; they in thy light
Shall walk, and in thy name shall make their
boast.
Thou art the glory of their strength ; our horn
Is in thy favour lifted up on high.
The Lord is our defence, the holy one

Of Israel is our king. In visions thou
Didst sometime speak unto thy saints, and said'st,
' My chosen servant David I have found,
And with my holy oil anointed him.'
He shall be mighty, strengthen'd by my arm,
And stablish'd by my hand. The enemy
Shall not exact upon him ; nor the son
Of violence afflict him ; all his foes
I will beat down before his face, and all
That hate him I will plague. My mercies sure
Shall with him be, and in my name his horn
Shall be exalted : from the sea his reign
To Nile and the Euphrates shall extend.
Thus shall he call unto me, thou my God,
Thou art my father, my protector thou.
Him will I also make my first-born son,
Higher than all the kings upon the earth.
My mercy for him I will ever keep,
My cov'nant also shall with him remain.
His seed shall ever last, and of his throne

No end shall be : but if his children's seed
Forsake my law, my statutes not observe,
Then with the rod all their transgressions will
I visit, their iniquity with stripes.
Yet still my loving-kindness shall not fail
For ever, nor my promises be void.
My covenant with David shall stand fast,
For by my holiness I once have sworn
His seed for ever shall endure, his throne
Long as the sun, long as the circling moon,
(Those faithful witnesses in heav'n,) shall stand.
But thou thy servant hast cast off, abhorr'd
Thine own anointed, art displeas'd at him ;
Thou hast made void the cov'nant, and his crown
Cast to the ground ; his fences, his strong holds
To ruin thou hast brought ; all that pass by
The way despoil him ; and he is become
To all his neighbours a reproach ; the hands
Of all his adversaries are set up ;

How great their joy! Of his sword thou the
edge

Hast tak'n away, nor gav'st him victory

In battle; all his glory is extinct,

His throne thou, Lord, hast cast down to the
ground;

His days hast shorten'd, cover'd him with shame.

How long, O Lord, wilt thou conceal thyself?

For ever? shall thine anger burn like fire?

Remember, Lord, how short my time, O why,

Hast thou made all the sons of men in vain?

What man is he that from the stroke of death,

And from the silent grave, shall save his soul?

Lord, where are all thy loving-kindnesses,

Which thou to David swarest in thy truth?

Remember, Lord, the great reproach I bear,

Wherewith thy foes have oft blasphemed thee,

And slander'd thine Anointed. Yet to thee

All praise by me shall evermore be paid.

PSALM XC.

THOU, Lord, from age to age hast been our God ;
Before the world, the earth were made, before
The mountains rais'd their summits to the sky,
Thou wast, thou art the everlasting God.
Thou to destruction turnest man, and say'st,
'Return, ye sons of men :' for in thy sight
A thousand years are but as yesterday,
And as a watch that passes in the night ;
Thou carriest them away, as with a flood,
They are as sleep, as grass that springeth up,
Green in the morning, but at even-tide
It is cut down, it withereth, and dies.
In thy displeasure we consume away,
And perish by the terror of thy wrath.
All our iniquities are in thy sight,
And our most secret sins not hid from thee.

When thou art angry all our days are gone,
Our years are past, as is a tale that 's told.
Our years are seventy ; if strong, we may
Arrive at eighty ; but alas, how weak,
How full of pain and trouble is our life!
It passeth, it is gone, we are no more.
The power of thine anger who can know ?
And yet men will not fear, will not repent.
Our days to number teach us, Lord, that we
To learn true wisdom may our hearts apply.
Return, O Lord, how long ? turn and repent,
Be gracious to us, Lord, be merciful,
Then shall thy servants evermore rejoice.
Thou hast afflicted us ; now make us glad,
And comfort us for all our sufferings.
Shew us thy work, thy glory to our sons.
O let the glory of thy majesty
Upon us shine ! O stablish thou the work
Of our own hands, our handy-work promote.

PSALM XCI.

THE man that dwelleth in the secret place
Of the most high, under th' Almighty's wing
Shall lodge. I of the Lord will say, 'He is
My hope, my refuge, and my God ; in him
I put my trust.' He shall deliver thee
From ev'ry snare, from ev'ry tainted gale.
Under his wings thou shalt be safe ; his truth
Shall be thy shield and buckler. Fear thou not
The pestilence that walketh in the night,
Nor the wing'd shafts of death that fly by day.
'Thousands shall fall around thee, yet no ill
Shall touch thee ; with thine eyes thou shalt behold
Th' ungodly perish. Thou hast made the Lord
Thy refuge, the most high thy sure defence ;
Therefore to thee no evil shall approach,
Nor nigh thy dwelling any plague shall come.
For to his angels minist'ring he'll give

A charge to keep thee, and thy steps direct.
They in their hands shall bear thee, lest thy foot
Thou dash against a stone. And thou shalt tread
Upon the lions, and the viper-brood
Shalt trample under feet. 'Since he hath fix'd
His love on me,' saith God, 'and known my name,
Him will I help, him I will set on high :
His pray'r I'll hear, and will deliver him.
Him I will honour, him with length of days
Will satisfy, and grant his ev'ry wish.'

PSALM XCII.

'T is good to celebrate the Lord, to sing
Praises unto thy name, O thou most high,
Morning and night thy mercies to shew forth
Upon a ten-string'd instrument, upon
The psalt'ry and the harp with solemn sound.
Thou, Lord, hast made me glad, I will rejoice,
And give thee thanks for all thy mighty works ;

How glorious are thy works, thy thoughts how
deep!

Not knoweth this a brutish man, a fool
Not understands it. Though th' ungodly spring
As the green blade, and the iniquitous
So flourish, yet destruction is their end.
Thou Lord, Jehovah, art for evermore
The highest ; all thine enemies, O Lord,
Thine enemies shall perish ; but my horn
Shall be exalted like the Onyx' horn ;
I with fresh oil shall be anointed, I
Shall see my wish upon mine enemies,
Shall hear that their destruction is complete.
The just shall flourish like the palms, shall spread
Like cedars on mount Libanon ; all those
Shall flourish that are planted in the courts
Of God ; shall bring forth fruit mature in age ;
They shall be ever fat, for ever green ;
That they may shew the justice of the Lord,
And that with him injustice cannot dwell.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is king ; he ruleth over all ;
How glorious his apparel ! He is cloth'd
With majesty, and girded round with pow'r.
By him the world immoveably is fix'd.
Thy throne, O God, is stablished of old ;
From everlasting thou ! the floods, O Lord,
The floods have lifted up their voice, their waves
Have lifted up ; but thou art mightier far
Than all the roaring billows of the deep.
Thy laws are ever sure, and holiness
Becometh, Lord, thine house for evermore.

PSALM XCIV.

VENGEANCE, O Lord, is thine ; to thee, O God,
Revenge belongeth ; rise and shew thyself,
Thou judge of all the earth ; the proud reward

As they deserve. How long, O Lord, how long
Shall the ungodly triumph? speak hard things?
And boast themselves in their iniquity?
Thy people they smite down, and they afflict
Thine heritage; the stranger put to death!
The widow, and the orphan: yet they say,
'God shall not see, nor yet the Lord regard.'
Take heed, ye brutish people; O ye fools,
The ear who form'd, shall he not hear? the eye
Who made, shall he not see? He who rebukes,
Shall he not punish? He that knowledge gives,
Shall not he know? He knoweth all the thoughts
Of men, how vain! Blessed the man whom thou,
O Lord, correctest, teachest him thy law,
And wilt preserve him from adversity,
Until a pit be digged for th' unjust.
The Lord his people never will cast off,
He never will his heritage forsake;
But his just judgement is with righteousness,
And all th' upright in heart will follow it.

Who will with me against th' ungodly rise?
Or who will take my part 'gainst wicked men?
Had not the Lord my helper been, my soul
Had in the silent grave been doom'd to dwell;
But he my feet supports, my way directs.
In all the sorrows of my heart, my soul
Thy comforts have refresh'd. Shall wicked men,
(Mischief their law,) have fellowship with thee?
They all unite against the righteous, all
Condemn the blood innocuous; but the Lord
My refuge is, the rock in which I trust.
He shall bring on them their iniquity,
And in their wickedness shall cut them off.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, and let us sing unto the Lord,
In his salvation let our joy be full;
Let us with thanks before his presence come,
And testify our gladness by our hymns.

The Lord is God, a king above all gods :
 The hills, the vales, the sea, and all therein
 Are his ; he made, and still sustaineth them.
 O come then, let us worship, let us kneel
 Before the Lord our maker. He is God,
 His people we, and of his flock the sheep. ,
 To day, if ye will hear his voice, your heart
 Prepare, not harden, as your fathers did,
 When in the wilderness they me provok'd,
 They prov'd, they tempted me, and saw my
 works.

For forty years this people grieved me ;
 ' They are,' I said, ' a stubborn race, my ways
 They would not understand ;' then in my wrath
 I sware, they should not come into my rest.

PSALM XCVI.

SING to the Lord, ye nations of the earth,
 Sing to the Lord, and praise his holy name :

From day to day his saving pow'r declare,
His glory, honour, and his wondrous works.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be prais'd,
More to be fear'd than all the heathen gods,
Gods made of wood and stone ; it is the Lord
Who made the heav'ns ; honour and majesty,
Beauty and strength are in his dwelling-place.
To him ye nations of the earth ascribe
All pow'r, all worship, ev'ry honour due
Unto his name ; to him your off'rings bring ;
Him in the beauty of his holiness
Worship ; O fear before him all the earth,
Tell it among the heathen, ' God is king,'
'Tis he that hath established the world,
'Tis he shall judge the people right'ously.
Rejoice, O heavens, and be glad, O earth ;
Let the sea swell with all its roaring waves ;
Let all the fields, and trees in woodland glades
Rejoice before the Lord ; he comes, he comes
To judge the world, the people with his truth.

PSALM XCVII.

THE Lord is king, and reigneth over all ;
Rejoice, O earth, and all ye isles, rejoice.
Darkness and clouds surround him ; and his
 throne
In righteousness and truth is stablished.
A fire shall go before him, and consume
His enemies on ev'ry side ; the world
Was cover'd with his lightnings, and the earth
Saw it, and trembled ; th' everlasting hills
Before his presence were dissolv'd like wax ;
The heavens have declar'd his righteousness,
And all the people have his glory seen.
Confounded be all they that worship gods
Made by the hands of men, vain images,
Idols most execrable ; worship him
Ye gods, and at his footstool prostrate fall.
Sion was glad, and Judah's daughters sang

Of thy great judgements, Lord, for thou art high
Exalted, far above all other gods.

O ye that love the Lord, see that ye hate
The thing which evil is ; the Lord preserves
The souls of all his saints, and from the hand
Of the ungodly will deliver them.

Light for the righteous is sprung up, and joy
For godly men ; give thanks unto the Lord
At the memorial of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new and joyful song ;
His works are marvellous, with his right hand
And with his holy arm he hath obtain'd
The victory, his saving pow'r hath shewn
To Israel's sons, his mercy, and his truth.
Sing to the Lord, ye nations of the earth
Sing and rejoice, and celebrate his praise.
Sing to the Lord with harps and with the voice

Of psalmody, with trumpets, and the sound
Of cornet, make a joyful noise before
The Lord, the king. Let the great deep with all
Its billows roar ; th' inhabitants of earth
Rejoice ; the rivers clap their hands ; the hills
Be joyful all before the Lord ; he comes,
He comes to judge the world with equity.

PSALM XCIX.

Jehovan reigneth, let the people fear ;
Between the cherubim his seat is fix'd,
Let the earth tremble ; he in Sion dwells
High above all. Let all the people praise
Thy great, thy awful, and thy holy name.
Thou lovest judgement, justice hast prepar'd,
And executest them 'mongst Jacob's sons.
O magnify the Lord, and prostrate fall
Before his footstool ; holy is our God.
Moses, and Aaron, Samuel, and all.

That called on his name he answered.
He to them in a cloudy pillar spake,
His statutes and his ordinance they kept.
Thou heardest them, O God, forgavest them,
When their inventions had provoked thee.
O magnify the Lord, and prostrate fall
Before his footstool ; holy is our God.

PSALM C.

SING to the Lord, ye nations of the earth,
With gladness serve the Lord, and with a song
Before him come : Jehovah, he is God ;
'T is he that made us, and not we ourselves ;
We are his people, of his flock the sheep.
O enter then his gates with thanks, with praise
His courts approach ; pay him the tribute due
Unto his name ; for gracious is the Lord,
His mercy everlasting, and his truth
To endless generations shall endure.

PSALM CI.

OF mercy and of judgement I will sing
To thee, O Lord. Give me to know the way,
The perfect way, that when thou com'st to me
Thou in my house may find no wicked thing,
No wicked man ; none such shall dwell with me.
His neighbour he who slandereth shall meet
His own destruction ; a fastidious look
And a proud heart I cannot, will not bear.
Mine eyes are on the faithful, they shall dwell
With me ; the man who leads a godly life
Shall be my servant ; him who telleth lies
I'll banish from my sight ; I will destroy
The wicked in the land ; I will root out
Transgressors from the city of the Lord.

PSALM CII.

HEAR me, O God, and when to thee I cry
Turn not thy face away ; incline thine ear,
And hear, O hear, thy suppliant's humble pray'r.
My life like smoke consumes away ; my bones
As fuel on the hearth are all burnt up.
My heart 's cut down, and withered as grass.
My meat I eat not, I 'm emaciated
Through sorrow and complaining ; I 'm become
Like to an owl, or as a pelican
In the wild desert that delights to dwell ;
Or as a sparrow on the house's top
That sits, the loss lamenting of his mate.
Mine enemies reproach me all day long,
They 're mad, they 're sworn against me. I have
eat
Ashes as bread, my drink have mix'd with tears :
And that because of thine indignant wrath ;

For thou hast rais'd me up, and cast me down.
My days are like a shadow, like the grass
That is cut down and wither'd ; but thou, Lord,
For endless generations shalt endure.
The time is come, that thou, Lord, wilt arise
To visit Sion, to rebuild her walls ;
It pitieth us to see her in the dust.
The heathen then shall fear thy name, O Lord,
And all the kings on earth thy majesty.
When God shall build up Sion, his great pow'r,
His glory he'll display ; he will regard
The destitute, and not despise their pray'r.
This shall be written for succeeding times,
And people yet unborn shall praise the Lord.
He from his holy place hath looked down,
From heav'n hath looked, and beheld the earth ;
To hear the mourning of the pris'ner's voice,
And save the captive from impending death ;
That they may praise God's name in Sion's courts,
His holy worship in Jerusalem,

When all the people are together met,
 All kingdoms of the earth, to serve the Lord.
 He in the journey of my life brought down
 My strength, my days hath shorten'd ; but I said,
 ' In my mid-life remove me not, O God ;
 Thy years to endless ages will endure.
 Of old the earth's foundation thou hast laid ;
 The heav'ns the work of thy almighty hands.
 They all shall perish, but thou shalt endure ;
 They as a vesture shall wax old, and thou
 Shalt change them all, and they shall all be
 chang'd.
 But thou art still the same ; thy years shall have
 No end. O let thy servant's children stand
 Before thy sight ! O stablish thou their seed !

PSALM CIII.

PRAISE thou the Lord, my soul, and all the pow'rs
 That are within me praise his holy name ;

Praise thou the Lord, my soul, and ne'er forget
The loving-kindness he hath shewn to thee.
Thy sins he pardons, thine infirmities
He heals, and from destruction saves thy life,
Thee young and lusty as an eagle makes :
On all oppressors justice he exerts,
And of th' oppress'd he vindicates the cause.
To Israel's sons his miracles he shew'd ;
And unto Moses on the secret top
Of Sinai all his awful laws reveal'd.
In him the fullness of compassion dwells,
With goodness, patience, mercy infinite.
He will not alway chasten, nor rebuke,
But will his dreadful anger gently calm.
The recompense of sins he not requires,
Nor our transgressions manifold repays.
For as the heav'n exceeds in height the earth,
So large his mercy, and so great his love.
Behold how wide the east is from the west,
So far from us our sins he hath remov'd.

Their bounds which thou hast fix'd, they shall
not pass,

Nor with a second deluge drown the earth.

Into the vales below he sends the springs

Which rise among the hills ; beasts of the field,

And the wild asses with them quench their thirst.

Fowls of the air their habitation make

Upon their banks, and 'mong the branches sing.

The hills he wat'reth from above ; the earth

Is satisfied with his copious gifts.

Grass for the cattle, and green herbs for men,

The foodful earth at his command brings forth ;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,

Corn to give strength, and oil a cheerful face.

The trees of God, cedars of Lebanon,

Which he hath planted, flourish, and the birds

Make nests therein : the fir trees there afford

A dwelling for the pious stork ; the hills

A refuge for wild goats ; the stony rocks

For conies. To the moon her stated times

He gave to rise, and to the sun to set.
Thou makest darkness that it may be night,
Wherein the wild beasts of the forest rove,
And lions, roaring, seek their meat from God.
But when the sun ariseth, to their dens
And coverts they retire. Man goeth forth
To labour till the evening star appears.
How manifold thy works, O Lord, how great
Thy wisdom which hath made them ! The whole
earth

Is with thy goodness fill'd ; so is the sea,
The wide expanse of waters, wherein beasts
And fishes without number creep or swim.
There sail the ships, therein Leviathan
His pastime takes. All these upon thee wait,
That in due season thou may'st give them meat ;
Thou givest them, and they are fill'd with good.
But when thy face thou hidest, then they die,
And, dying, to their former dust return.
Again, if thou thy spirit sendest forth,

They are renew'd, and flourish on the earth.
The majesty of God shall know no end;
He in his works shall evermore rejoice.
The earth shall tremble at his look ; the hills
If he but touch they're instantly on fire.
I to the Lord will sing, will praise my God
While here I live; in him I will rejoice,
With him begin, with him conclude my song.
Sinners shall be consum'd, th' ungodly fail.
Praise thou the Lord, my soul, O praise the Lord.

PSALM CV.

GIVE thanks unto the Lord, and call upon
His holy name ; declare his wondrous works,
And be his praise the subject of your songs.
Rejoice, yea, let the heart of them rejoice
That seek the Lord ; for ever seek his face.
The marv'llous works that he hath done relate,
His wonders, and the judgements of his mouth ; †

O all ye seed of Abraham, ye sons
Of Israël, he is the Lord our God ;
His judgements through the earth to all extend.
The cov'nant, and the promise that he made,
He hath remember'd, ever will observe ;
His covenant with Abraham, the oath
He sware to Isaac, and confirm'd the same
To Jacob for a law, to all his sons
An everlasting covenant. 'To thee
The land of Canaan I will give,' he said,
'Be this the lot of your inheritance ;'
When they were few in number, very few,
And strangers in the land ; what time they went
From place to place without a fix'd abode.
He suffer'd none to do them wrong ; e'en kings
For their sakes he reprov'd. 'Touch not,' said he
'My chosen ones, my prophets injure not.'
He brought a famine on the land, he brake
The staff of bread ; but he before them sent
Joseph, who for a slave was sold ; his feet

With fetters, and with irons were fast bound,
Until the time arriv'd his cause was known;
He by the word of truth was try'd; the king
Sent, and releas'd him from imprisonment;
He made him ruler also of his house,
And of his substance; senators from him
Receiv'd instruction, and his will was law.
When Jacob with his sons to Egypt came,
And sojourn'd in the land, exceedingly
His people were increas'd, were stronger made
Than all their enemies, whose heart was turn'd,
Was set against them. Then he Moses sent,
And Aaron his elect: these shew'd his signs,
And mighty wonders in the land of Ham.
'Be dark,' he said, and at his word 'twas dark.
He turn'd their waters into blood; their fish
Were all destroy'd. Their land produced frogs
Past number in the chambers of their kings.
He spake, and divers sorts of flies and lice
In all their coasts were seen. He gave them hail

For rain, and flaming fire in all their land.
He smote their vines and fig-trees, and destroy'd
Their woods with tempests. Caterpillars came,
And locusts without number, which ate up
The grass, and all the produce of their ground.
Their first-born, e'en the chief of all their strength,
He slew. With silver, and with gold he brought
His people forth, not one in all their tribes
Was left behind. Egypt gave signs of joy
At their departure, for they dreaded them.
A cloud by day their covering he spread ;
And fire by night their journey to direct.
The people asked, and he brought them quails ;
And satisfy'd them with the bread of heav'n.
The rock he open'd, and straight issu'd forth
Waters that flow'd like rivers on dry land.
For why ? his promise he remember'd still,
And Abraham his servant, and his friend.
His people he brought forth, and gave them lands

Which heathen nations had possess'd, that they
His statutes might observe and keep his laws.

PSALM CVI.

Give thanks and praise unto the Lord, for he
Is gracious, and his mercy knows no bounds.
Who can express his noble acts? or who
Can shew forth all his praise? How blest are they
Who keep his laws, from justice ne'er depart!
The favour to thy people that thou giv'st
O shew to me; with thy salvation deign
To visit me, that I may see the good
Of thine elect; that in their joy my joy
May be complete, and I with them give thanks.
We with our fathers have transgress'd thy laws,
From justice swerv'd, and wickedly have dealt.
Our fathers thy great works regarded not:
In Egypt; all thy mercies they forgot.

Their murm'ring on the Erythrean shore
Provok'd the Lord. Yet he, for his name's sake,
And his almighty power to make known,
Rebuk'd the sea, and it was dried up ;
He led them through the depths as on dry land ;
He sav'd them from their persecuting foes ;
Not one escap'd, they perish'd in the waves.
Then they believ'd his words, and sang his praise.
They soon forgot his words, regarded not
His counsel. But they lusted, tempted God
In the great desert : he to them sent meat,
Meat to their mouths, but leanness to their souls.
They envied Moses also in the camp,
And Aaron, priest of God. The yawning earth,
Dathan, Abiram, and their company,
Swallow'd alive. A flame was kindled up
The wicked to consume. They made a calf
In Horeb, and this idol they ador'd.
Thus God, their glory, they debas'd, they turn'd
Into the likeness of th' Egyptian ox.
And they forgot their saviour, who had done

Such wond'rous works in Egypt; fearful things
By the Red Sea. He would have them destroy'd,
But Moses stay'd the vengeance of his hand.
They e'en despis'd the promis'd land, they gave
No credence to his word; but murmured
In all their tents, nor hearken'd to his voice.
He lifted up his hand, he stretch'd it forth
To overthrow them in the wilderness,
Their seed among the nations to disperse.
They worshipp'd Baal-Peor, and partook
Of sacrifices offer'd to the dead.
Thus they provok'd the anger of the Lord
With their inventions, and the plague was great
Amongst them. Phinees * stood up and pray'd,
And the plague ceased; this his right'ousness
Was counted unto all succeeding times.
At Meribah they anger'd him, and God
Was wroth with Moses for the people's sake.
They so provok'd his spirit that he spake,

* ΦΙΝΕΪΣ in the Greek Psalter.

By passion mov'd, with unadvised lips.
Neither did they the nations round destroy,
As God had bid, but with the heathen mix'd,
And learnt their works, their idols worshipp'd :
Their children unto devils sacrific'd ;
The blood of innocents was offer'd up
To idols of the blood-polluted land.
Thus they defiled were with their own works,
And went a-whoring with strange deities.
The wrath of God was kindled, he abhorr'd
His chosen people, his inheritance.
He gave them to the heathen for a prey,
By all their enemies they were subdu'd.
Full oft he them delivered, but still
They with their evil deeds provoked him,
And were brought down for their iniquity.
Yet their affliction when he saw, their cry
He heard, he pitied, and he made their foes
(Such was his covenant) to pity them.
Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us

From out the heathen nations all around,
That we may thank thee, in thy praise exult.
Blest be the Lord, the God of Israël,
Without beginning, without end the same.
Amen, let all the people say, Amen.

PSALM CVII.

O PRAISE the Lord, for he most gracious is,
His mercy without bounds. Let them give thanks
Whom he hath rescu'd from their enemies,
Whom he hath gather'd from the north and south,
And from the rising and the setting sun.
They wander'd in the wilderness, and found
No place to dwell in ; hungry and a-thirst,
Their soul within them fainted : when they cry'd
Unto the Lord, he pitied their distress ;
He brought them forth, he led them in the way,
And fenced cities gave wherein to dwell.
O that the sons of men would praise the Lord

For all his goodness, and the wondrous works
That he for them hath done! The longing soul
He satisfieth, and the hungry soul
He filleth with his goodness; such as sit
In darkness, and the shadow too of death,
Fast bound in chains, in misery extreme.
For why? they rebels were against the word
Of God; his counsel they despis'd; but he
Brought down their pride; they fell, to help them
none.

Yet when in trouble to the Lord they cry'd,
He sav'd, and succour'd them in their distress;
He brake their bonds, from prisons set them free.
O that the sons of men would praise the Lord
For all his goodness, and the wondrous works
That he for them hath done! The gates of brass
He brake, in sunder cut the iron bars.
Fools suffer for their folly, for their sins
They are afflicted; meat their soul abhors,
They hasten to the gates and realms of death.

Yet when in trouble to the Lord they cry,
He saves, and succours them in their distress ;
His word from their destruction sets them free.
O that the sons of men would praise the Lord
For all his goodness, and the wondrous works
That he for them hath done! The sacrifice
Of thanks let them with gladness offer up.
Who sail upon the seas in quest of gain,
These see God's works, his wonders in the deep.
He speaks the word, the winds obey, and lift
The waves thereof; they're mounted up to heav'n,
Then sink again into the vast abyss.
Their heart through fear is melted; to and fro
They reel, they stagger like a drunken man,
Despair in all their looks: then to the Lord
They cry, he rescues them in their distress ;
'Be still ye waves,' he saith, and they are still;
With joy they enter their desired port.
O that the sons of men would praise the Lord
For all his goodness, and the wondrous works

That he for them hath done! O that they would
Exalt him in th' assemblies of the saints!
Rivers he turns into a wilderness;
He dries up water-springs; a fruitful land
He maketh barren for the wickedness
Of them that dwell therein; again he turns
The wilderness into a standing pool,
And in dry ground he causes springs to flow.
The needy there he plants, that they may build
Cities to dwell in, that they there may sow
Their lands, may vineyards plant, to yield them
fruits
Of increase. Then he blesses, makes their flocks
And herds to multiply exceedingly.
Again, when they are minished, brought low
By grief, by trouble, or oppressive want,
The tyrants their oppressors he derides,
And drives them devious through the trackless
waste,
The poor he helpeth out of mis'ry's weight,

And makes him households like a flock of sheep.
The righteous shall see this, they shall rejoice,
And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.
The wise in heart will think upon these things,
And they shall know the kindness of the Lord.

PSALM CVIII.

O God, my heart is fix'd, and with my tongue
I'll sing; and give thee praise. Awake my lute,
My harp, and I myself will early wake.
Thee, Lord, among the people will I praise,
Among the nations thy great fame declare.
Greater thy mercy than the heav'ns, O Lord,
Thy truth above the clouds: exalt thyself,
And thy great name above the heav'ns and earth,
That thy beloved may by thy right hand
Be rescu'd from their foes, and hear thou me.
What God hath promis'd in his holiness
I will with joy possess, I will divide

Shechem, the vale of Succoth measure out:
Gilead is mine, and mine Manasseh is,
Ephraim my strength, and Judah my law-giver,
Moab my wash-pot, Edom I will tread
Under my feet; Philistia, now, belike,
Thou wilt rejoice, and triumph over me.
Who is it that will bring me to the gates
Of the strong city? into Edom lead me?
Is it not thou, O God, who cast us off?
And with our armies thou would'st not go forth.
Be thou our help, O Lord, in time of need;
Vain is the help of man, but through our God
Under our feet th' oppressors we will tread.

PSALM CIX.

God of my praise, keep not thou silence still;
The mouth of wickedness and vile deceit
Is open'd on me; they have spoken lies;
With words of hatred they encompass'd me;

They fought against me, Lord, without a cause
They enmity for love, evil for good,
Return, but I give up myself to pray'r.
Make thou a wicked man his governor,
The great accuser place at his right hand;
When he is judged, let him be condemn'd;
Let all his pray'rs be turned into sin :
Few be his days, and let another take
His office; let his wife a widow be;
His children fatherless, and vagabonds,
Begging their bread in places desolate.
Let the extortioner consume his wealth,
And let the stranger all his labour spoil.
Let none their pity unto him extend,
Nor to his orphans their compassion shew;
Let his posterity be clean cut off,
And let their name be blotted out for ever.
His father's wickedness, his mother's sin,
Be they before the Lord continually;
That they may root their mem'ry from the earth;

For he no pity shew'd ; the helpless man
He persecuted, slew the brok'n in heart :
Curses were his delight ;—then let them fall
On his own head ; he blessing loved not,
Far be it from him. As he cloth'd himself
With cursing as a garment, it shall rend
His bowels like water, and like oil his bones.
Let it be to him as his cloak on him,
And as the girdle he is girded with.
Be this from God mine enemy's reward,
And of all them that speak against my soul.
But deal with me, O Lord, for thy name's sake,
As is thy mercy great, deliver me.
For I am poor and helpless, and my heart
Is wounded in my body : I go hence
Like the declining shadow, locust-like
Am driv'n about ; my knees through fasting
weak,
My flesh for want of fatness is dried up.
Me they reproach, at me they shake their heads.

Help me, O Lord, and for thy mercy's sake
O save me from my foes ; and they shall know
This is thy hand ; that thou hast done it, Lord.
Though they may curse, yet do thou deign to
 bless ;

Clothe them with shame, with their confusion too
Let them be covered as with a cloak,
But let thy servant evermore rejoice.
My mouth shall praise the Lord, him I will praise
Among the multitude ; for he shall stand
At my right hand ; the poor he shall defend,
Shall save his soul from judges most unjust.

PSALM CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord hath spok'n and said
' Be thou on my right-hand until I make
Thy foes thy foot-stool.' He shall send the rod
Of thy strength out of Sion ; thou shalt rule
E'en in the midst of all thine enemies.

The people shall flow in, and worship thee,
Thick as the dew-drops of the morning's womb.
The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent,
Thy priesthood, like Melchisedeck's shall last
For evermore. The Lord at thy right hand
Shall wound e'en kings when moved is his wrath.
Among the heathen he shall judge, shall fill
The ways with their dead bodies; all their kings
He shall pursue in his vindictive rage.
He shall not stop, but of the brook to drink,
Till he hath made his victory complete.

PSALM CXI.

PRAISE ye Jehovah; I will praise his name
With my whole heart among the faithful tribe,
And in the congregation of the just.
Great are the works of God, sought out by them
Who take delight therein; how wonderful,
How glorious is his work! his righteousness

Endureth ever ; the most gracious Lord,
Most merciful hath so ordain'd his works,
That their remembrance should for ever last.
He in the wilderness gave meat to them
That feared him ; he of his covenant
Hath ever mindful been ; his people saw
His mighty power, when to them he gave
The heathen's heritage : his works throughout
Are verity and judgement ; his commands
Stand sure, in equity eternal fix'd.
His people he redeem'd, his covenant
He made for ever ; holy is his name.
The fear of God, the universal Lord,
Is the prime wisdom ; wisest they of men
Who keep his laws ! his praise shall ever last.

PSALM CXII.

BLEST is the man who fears Jehovah's name,
Whose great delight is in the law of God ;

His progeny shall flourish upon earth,
And all his children's children shall be blest.
Riches and plenteousness are in his house,
His righteousness remaineth ; unto him
In darkness light ariseth ; he is full
Of mercy and compassion ; to the poor
He lendeth, and discretion marks his ways.
He never shall be mov'd ; his memory
Shall ever last : he shall not be afraid
Of any evil rumours, for his heart
Is fixed, and his trust is in the Lord :
His heart is stablished, he will not shrink
Until he sees his wishes on his foes.
He hath dispers'd abroad, and to the poor
Hath giv'n ; his righteousness shall still remain,
His head with honour shall be ever crown'd.
Th' ungodly shall see this ; they shall be griev'd,
They with their teeth shall gnash and melt away ;
And all their wishes shall in smoke expire.

PSALM CXIII.

Ye servants of the Lord, O praise his name;
Blest be his name henceforth for evermore.
From where the rising sun exalts his head,
To realms far distant on the western main,
Jehovah's name for ever shall be prais'd.
The Lord is high above all kings on earth,
Above the heav'ns his glory; who is like
Unto the Lord our God that dwells on high?
And yet himself he humbleth to behold
The things that are in heav'n and in the earth.
He raiseth up the poor out of the dust,
He lifteth up the needy from the ground,
Him with the princes of his people sets;
He to the barren woman increase gives,
And makes her mother of a num'rous race.

PSALM CXIV.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came, redeem'd
By God's almighty hand, which led them forth,
And guided in the way ; the sea saw that
And fled ; divided Jordan to his fount
Was driven back ; the mountains skipp'd like
rams,
Like lambs the little hills. What ailed thee,
O sea, that thou didst fly ? that, Jordan, thou
Wast driven back ? ye mountains, that ye skipp'd
Like rams, and ye, O little hills, like lambs.
Tremble thou earth before the Lord thy God,
Who turn'd the rock into a standing pool,
And from the flint-stone brought a living spring.

Nor unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But unto thy name let the praise be giv'n,
For thy sure truth, and for thy mercy's sake
Why shall the heathen say, 'Where is their
Our God is in the heavens, he hath done
Whatever pleased him. Their idols all
Of gold or silver are, the work of man :
Mouths have they, but they speak not ; eye
have,
But see not ; ears they have, but do not he
Noses they have, and smell not ; they have
And handle not ; feet have they, but walk
Nor speak they through their throat : their
kers all
Are like them. and all such as in them trust

He thy defence, and he thy succour is.
Ye house of Aaron, trust ye in the Lord ;
He their defender, and their helper is.
Trust in the Lord all ye that fear the Lord.
The Lord hath ever mindful of us been ;
The house of Israel and of Aaron he
Shall bless ; shall bless all those who fear his name.
You and your children shall the Lord increase ;
Blessed by him who made both heaven and earth.
The heav'n of heavens is the Lord's, the earth
He hath divided 'mong the sons of men.
The dead praise not the Lord, nor all that go
Down to the silent grave ; but we will praise
The Lord from this time forth for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord, for he hath heard the voice
Of my petitions, hath inclin'd his ear,
Him therefore I'll invoke while life shall last.

The snares of death encompass'd me, the pains
Of hell gat hold upon me : I in trouble was,
Then called I upon the name of God—
'O Lord my God, deliver thou my soul.'
The Lord is gracious, he is righteous, yea,
Our God is merciful ; he still preserves
The simple ; when brought low he helped me.
Return then, O my soul, unto thy rest,
To thee the Lord has been most bountiful.
For why ? my soul thou hast delivered
From death ; mine eyes from tears, my feet thou
sav'st

From falling. I will walk before the Lord
In this land of the living. I believe,
And therefore speak ; but when in trouble, I
Said in my haste 'There is no truth in men.'
What shall I render to the Lord for all
The benefits that he hath done to me ?
The cup with benediction charg'd I'll take,
And call upon the Lord ; my vows I'll pay

Before his people; he hath shewn by me,
How dear to him the blood of all his saints.
Behold thy servant, Lord, thy servant I,
The son of thine hand-maid! my bonds thou hast
In sunder broken: I to thee, O Lord,
The sacrifice of thanks will offer up,
Will pay my vows, will call upon the Lord
In sight of all his holy people met,
E'en in his sacred house, e'en in the midst
Of thee, Jerusalem. Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye nations, praise him all
Ye people, for his kindness us vouchsaf'd;
His mercy, and his truth shall know no end.

PSALM CXVIII.

Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good;
Let Israel, let the house of Aaron now
Confess that he is good; yea, let all those
That fear the Lord confess that he is good,
And that his mercy will for ever last.
I call'd upon the Lord in my distress,
He heard, and set me soon at liberty.
The Lord upon my side, I will not fear
What man can do unto me; if he take
My part with them that help me, I shall see
My wish'd success against mine enemies.
Better to trust in God, than confidence
To put in man, in princes, or in kings.
All nations compass'd me about, but I
In thy name, O my God, will cut them off.
They compass'd me like bees on ev'ry side,

They are extinct as fire among the thorns,
For in the name of God I'll them destroy.
They with their troops encompass'd me about,
They push'd me sore, but God was my support.
Jehovah is my strength, my song ; my guide
He is become ; the voice of joy and health
Is in the habitations of the just.
The right hand of the Lord does mighty things ;
His right hand is exalted above all,
It worketh mighty things. I shall not die
But live, and all his mighty works declare.
The Lord hath chasten'd me, but he hath not
Deliver'd me to death. O open wide
The gates of righteousness, that I therein
May enter, and give thanks unto the Lord.
This is the gate of God, the righteous souls
Shall therein enter. I will praise thee, Lord,
For thou hast heard me, and my saviour thou
Art now become. The stone which they refus'd,
Which by the builders was rejected, now

This is his work ; 'tis marvellous
This is the day in which the Lord hath made
Us happy, let us all rejoice therein.
Save us, O Lord, and prosper all our works.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name
Of God the Lord, ye of his house are blest.
'Tis God who shew'd us victory ; come, let us
The sacrifice with cords, e'en to the horns
Of his high altar. Thou art God, and I
Will bless, will praise, and will exalt thy name.
O thank the Lord, for he most gracious is,
His mercy shall endure for evermore.

PSALM CXIX.

And seek him with sincerity of heart ;
 Who do no wickedness, they walk aright.
 Thou hast commanded us, O Lord, to keep
 Thy statutes with all diligence : O that
 My ways were made so perfect ! then shall I
 Ne'er be ashamed, while I have respect
 To all thy laws. Thee with a heart unfeign'd,
 When I have learnt thy righteous judgements,
 Lord,
 I'll ever praise, and all thy statutes keep.
 Forsake me not, my God, forsake me not.

BETH.

How shall a young man cleanse his way, O Lord,
 How but by keeping all thy righteous laws ?
 With my whole heart I have thee sought, O let
 Me from thy statutes never go astray.
 Thy word is in my heart, that I should not
 Against thee sin. Blessed art thou, O Lord,
 O teach me all the judgements of thy mouth.

Upon thy statutes I will meditate,
Will have respect unto them, and thy word
Never, O Lord, I never will forget.

GIMEL.

Be thou propitious to thy servant, Lord
That I may live and ever keep thy law ;
Open mine eyes that I the wond'rous things
May see that are contained in thy word.
While like a stranger I live here on earth
Hide not thy precepts from me ; my soul
For fervent love it bears unto thy laws.
The proud thou hast rebuk'd ; accurs'd
That err from thy commandments. Turn
Shame and rebuke, for I have kept thy
Thou shalt not make against me, but O

DALETH.

My soul 's cast down, it cleaveth to the dust,
O raise me up according to thy word.
I have declar'd my ways, thou heardest me ;
Teach me, O teach me all thy statutes, Lord ;
Make me to understand them, so shall I
Talk of thy wondrous works. For heaviness
My soul is melted in me ; O be thou
My comforter according to thy word.
Remove me from all lying lips, and grant
Me graciously thy law ; the way of truth
I've chosen, all thy judgements are with me.
I've stuck unto thy laws ; confound me not.
The way of thy commandments I will run,
When thou hast set my heart at liberty.

HE.

Teach me thy statutes, Lord ; I will them keep :
O grant me understanding, and thy law

With my whole heart I ever will observe.
In thy commandments is my great delight,
O make me walk therein ; incline my heart
To all thy laws, and not to cov'tousness.
O turn away mine eyes from vanity,
And in thy servant stablish thou thy word.
Not the reproach of men, but thee, O Lord,
I fear ; for all thy judgements are most just.
In thy commandments my delight hath been,
O make me walk in all thy righteous paths !

VAU.

Lord, let thy loving mercy come to me,
E'en the salvation promis'd by thy word :
So shall I answer them that me reproach,
For in thy word I trust, take not the word
Of thy truth from my mouth ; for I have hop
In thy just judgements ; I will ever keep
Thy law, thy precepts when at liberty ;
E'en before kings thy laws I will proclaim,

And will not be asham'd ; I will delight
 In thy commandments, which I ever lov'd ;
 Them I have lov'd, in them will meditate.

ZAIN.

Thy word unto thy servant call to mind,
 Wherein thou causedst me to put my trust ;
 The same my comfort was in my distress,
 For thy word quicken'd me. The proud have
 had
 Me greatly in derision, yet thy law
 I ne'er declined from ; thy judgements I
 Remember'd, and my comfort they have been.
 The wicked, that forsake thy law, have made
 Me horribly afraid. Thy statutes, Lord,
 In this my pilgrimage have been my songs.
 I in the night have thought upon thy name :
 My comfort this—that I have kept thy laws.

Thou art my portion ; I have promised
O Lord, to keep thy law ; with my will
Thy favour I entreat, be merciful
According to thy word unto me still.
When on my ways I thought, I turn'd
Unto thy testimonies ; I made haste,
Delay'd not thy commandments to observe
The bands of wicked men have robbed
But thy law I forget not. At midnight
I will arise, to thee my thanks return
For thy just judgements : I am now become
Th' associate of all those that fear thy
And keep thy laws. The earth, O Lord
With thy sure mercy ; teach thou me

For I thy testimonies have believ'd.
Before I was afflicted I went wrong,
But now I keep thy word. Thou art become
Gracious and good ; thy statutes teach me, Lord.
The proud have forg'd a lie against me, yet
With my whole heart thy precepts I will keep.
Their heart is fat as brawn, but my delight
Is in thy law ; 't was good for me that I
Have troubled been, that I might learn thy law.
Thy law to me is dearer far than all
Treasures of silver, or of precious gold.

JOB.

Thy hands have made me, they have fashion'd me,
O give me understanding in thy laws !
All those that see me will rejoice that I
Have plac'd my expectation in thy word.
I know, O Lord, that all thy ways are right,
That thou in justice hast afflicted me.
My comfort let thy kindness be, as thou

Hast promis'd by thy word, thy mercies come,
That I may live, and in thy law delight.
Let those, the proud, who hate me without cause,
Be cover'd with their shame ; but in thy laws
I'll meditate ; let all that fear thy name,
That know thy laws, be turned unto me.
Let my whole heart be in thy statutes sound,
Then ne'er shall I have cause to be asham'd.

CAPM.

My soul for thy salvation waiteth, Lord ;
My hope is in thy word, for which mine eyes
Have longed sore ; when wilt thou comfort me ?
I like a wine-bag in the smoke am dry'd,
And yet thy statutes I do not forget.
How many are my days ? O when wilt thou
Avenged be on all mine enemies !
The proud, who all thy laws despise, for me
Have digged pits ; be thou, O Lord, my help.
They falsely persecuted me, but I

Thy faithful precepts never would forsake.
Shew me thy loving-kindness, so shall I
The testimonies of thy mouth preserve.

LAMED.

Thy word, O Lord, is in the heavens fix'd,
Thy truth remaineth ever ; thou hast laid
The earth's foundation, and it standeth firm.
They still continue as thou hast ordain'd,
They all thy servants are. If my delight
Had not been in thy law, in my distress
I should have perished. Thy precepts, Lord,
I never will forget, for thou with them
Hast quicken'd me. O save me, I am thine ;
All thy commandments I have ever sought.
The wicked to destroy me have laid wait ;
But I thy testimonies will regard.
All things that thou hast made will have an end,
But thy commandments will for ever last.

MEM.

O how I love thy law ! all the day long
It is my study ; it is ever with me ;
It makes me wiser than mine enemies ;
More knowledge than my teachers I have gain'd,
I 'm wiser than the aged ; for thy laws,
Thy precepts and commandments I have kept.
I have refrain'd my feet from ev'ry path
That leads to evil ; I have kept thy word ;
And, taught by thee, thy statutes I observe.
How sweet thy words are to my taste ! more
sweet
Than honey and the honey-comb by far.
Through thy commandments I true wisdom get,
All evil ways I therefore will detest.

NUN.

Thy word 's a lamp unto my feet, a light
Unto my paths. I've sworn, I'll it perform,

Thy judgements and thy statutes e'er to keep.
I am afflicted, beyond measure vex'd,
O quicken me according to thy word.
Accept the free-will offerings of my mouth,
And teach me thy just judgements. In my hand
My soul is alway ; yet forget I not
Thy law. The wicked have laid snares for me,
But yet from thy commandments I err'd not.
Thy testimonies are my heritage,—and why ?
They are the great rejoicing of my heart.
My heart I have inclined to perform
Thy statutes alway, e'en unto the end.

SAMECH.

I hate vain thoughts, but thy law do I love :
Thou art my hiding-place, and thou my shield.
My trust is in thy word. Depart from me,
Ye workers of iniquity, for I
Will keep the laws and statutes of my God.
O stablish me according to thy word

That I may live, and let me of my hope
Not disappointed be. Hold thou me up ;
I shall be safe while I respect thy laws.
All them that from thy statutes err, thou hast
Trode down, for theirs is falsehood and deceit.
Like dross by fire cast out thou putt'st away
The wicked, therefore I love all thy laws.
Such mine infirmities, of thee, O Lord,
And of thy judgements, that I am afraid.

AIN.

Justice and judgement I have done, O Lord ;
Give me not over to mine enemies.
Be surety for thy servant for his good,
Let not the proud oppress me. Mine eyes fail
For thy salvation, for thy right'ous word.
According to thy mercy deal with me ;
Teach me thy statutes ; make me understand
Thy testimonies. Rise in my defence
Against my foes, for they've made void thy law.

'Bove gold, and precious stones, my love is plac'd
On thy commandments, therefore I esteem
Thy precepts ; ev'ry evil way I hate.

PE.

Thy testimonies, Lord, are wonderful,
My soul shall therefore keep them ; all thy words
Give light and knowledge to the simple soul.
My mouth I open'd, and I breathed short,
For the delight that in thy laws I took.
According to thy mercy deal with me,
As with all those that love and fear thy name.
Order my steps aright, nor any sin
Suffer to have dominion over me.
From the oppressive man deliver me,
So shall I keep the precepts of thy mouth.
O let thy light upon thy servant shine !
Teach me thy statutes. Streams of water flow
Fast down my cheeks, since men keep not thy law..

Righteous art thou, O Lord, thy judgement
Thy testimonies are exceeding true..
My zeal consumeth me, because my foes
Thy words forget ; thy word is very pure,
Therefore thy servant loveth it. I am
Despis'd, yet do I not forget thy laws.
Thy right'ousness for ever lasts, thy law
Is truth. Trouble and anguish have laid b
Upon me, yet thy law is my delight.
Thy right'ousness is everlasting, Lord,
Give me to understand, and I shall live.

KOPH.

I call with my whole heart, hear me, O
Thy statutes I will keep. To thee I cal
I will keep

Mine eyes prevent the watches of the night,
That I may meditate upon thy word.
According to thy kindness hear my voice,
According to thy judgements save my soul.
My persecutors are at hand ; be thou
At hand, O Lord, for all thy laws are truth ;
Thou in eternal truth hast founded them.

RESH.

Look on my trouble, and deliver me,
Thy law forget I not ; plead thou my cause,
Save, and deliver me for thy word's sake.
Health is far from the wicked, who seek not
Thy statutes. Great are all thy mercies, Lord ;
O quicken me according to thy word.
Many are they that persecute my soul,
Yet from thy statutes I will ne'er depart.
When I beheld transgressors, I was griev'd
Thy law they kept not, but thy law I love ;
O quicken me according to thy word.

Thy judgements are from everlasting just,
Thou in eternal truth hast founded them.

SCHIN.

Princes me persecute without a cause ;
In fear, and I rejoice, Lord, at thy word,
As one that finds great spoils. All lies I hate,
Them I abhor ; but thy law do I love.
Ev'n times a day I praise thy name, O Lord,
For all thy right'ous judgements. Those who love
Thy law shall live in peace without offence.
For thy salvation, Lord, I've hop'd, I've done
According to thy laws ; my soul hath kept
Thy testimonies, they are my delight ;
I've kept them, all my ways are in thy sight.

My lips shall utter praise, my tongue shall sing
Of all thy statutes which are right'ousness.
Help me, for thy commandments I have chos'n :
For thy salvation I have long'd, O Lord ;
Thy law is my delight, O let my soul
To praise thee live, thy judgements let me help.
Like a lost sheep I, Lord, have gone astray,
O seek me, for thy laws I ne'er forget.

PSALM CXX.

In my distress I cry'd unto the Lord,
He heard my pray'r. Deliver me, my God,
From lying lips, and a deceitful tongue.
What shall be given, or what shall be done
To thee, O thou false tongue ? sharp as the shafts
Of mighty men, and quenchless coals of fire.
Ah, woe is me ! that from Jerusalem
Exil'd, in Mesech and in Kedar's tents
I am confin'd ! my soul hath dwelt with him

That hateth peace. I speak of peace, but when
I offer terms, they arm themselves for war.

PSALM CXXI.

MINE eyes I lift up to the hills, from whence
Cometh my help ; it cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n, and earth, and all therein hath made.
Thy foot shall not be moved ; he shall keep
Thee when thou sleepest, when thou wakest, he
Shall still defend ; no slumber seals his eyes.
The Lord is thy defence, so that the sun
Shall thee not scorch by day, the moon by night ;
From ev'ry evil he shall thee protect,
He shall preserve thy soul ; thy going out,
Thy coming in, he all thy steps shall guard,
From this time forth for evermore shall keep.

PSALM CXXII.

How great my joy when all with joy exclaim'd,
' We will ascend into the house of God !'
Our feet, O Salem, in thy gates shall stand ;
Jerusalem is as a city built,
That is at unity within itself.
Thither the tribes go up, Jehovah's tribes,
To celebrate before the ark his name.
There are the thrones of judgement, e'en the
 thrones
Of David's house. O pray for Salem's peace !
Peace be within thy walls, and plentcousness
Within thy palaces. For my friend's sake,
For my companion's and my brethren's sako
Prosperity I wish thee ; for the house
Of God our Lord I'll seek to do thee good.

PSALM CXXIII.

To thee I lift mine eyes, to thee, whose seat
Is in the heav'ns most high. Lo, as the eyes
Of servants look unto their master's hand,
And as a maiden to her mistress looks,
E'en so our eyes shall wait upon the Lord
Till he have mercy on us. Mercy, Lord,
Have thou upon us, for we are despis'd ;
Our soul is fill'd with the contempt of those
That are at ease, and with the proud man's scorn.

PSALM CXXIV.

If God himself had not been on our side,
If God himself had not been with us, when
Men rose against us, we had been destroy'd,
They were so wrathfully displeas'd at us ;
The stream had overwhelm'd us, the proud waves

Had gone e'en o'er us. Praised be the Lord,
Who gave us not a prey unto their teeth.
Our soul's escaped, even as a bird
Out of the fowler's snare; brok'n is the snare,
And we delivered. Our help shall stand
In God the Lord, who hath made heav'n and
earth.

PSALM CXXV.

ALL they that put their trust in God shall be
As Sion's mount, which cannot be remov'd;
But standeth fast for ever. The high hills
Stand round Jerusalem; e'en so the Lord
Around his people stands for evermore.
The rod of wickedness shall not subject
The righteous, lest they wicked should become.
Do good, O Lord, to those that in their hearts
Are upright; those that turn to crooked paths
Punish, but give thou peace to Israël.

WHEN Sion's captives God restor'd, we were
 Like them that dream; our tongue was fill'd
 joy.

The heathen said, 'The Lord hath done
 things

For them.' The Lord hath done great
 for us,

And we rejoice; turn our captivity,

As rivers flowing in a drougthy land.

All they that sow in tears shall reap in joy

He that went forth with weeping shall retu

With joy, and for his seed full sheaves shall

Keep not, the watchman waketh but in vain ;
In vain ye rise up early, late take rest,
And eat the bread of carefulness : but God
For his beloved sweet repose provides.
Lo, children are the heritage of God,
Fruit of the womb, a gift that comes from him.
Like arrows in the hands of mighty men,
So children, when grown up, are swift and strong :
Happy the man whose quiver's full of them ;
They shall not be ashamed to meet their foes.

PSALM CXXVIII.

BLESSED is ev'ry one that feareth God,
That walketh in his ways ; for thou shalt eat
The labour of thine hands : O happy thou !
Thy wife shall be as fruitful as the vine
Upon the walls, thy sons like olive-boughs
Around thy table : blessed thus the man
That feareth God ; from out of Sion he

Thy children's children, peace in Israël

PSALM CXXIX.

‘ FULL many a time have they afflicted
From my youth up, ’ may Israël now sa
Yet they against me never have prevail
Like plowers in a field, upon my back
They made long furrows, but the right
Hath cut their cords asunder : let them
Confounded, turned backward, ev’ry one
That hateth Sion : be they as the grass
Which growing on the house-tops with
’T is plucked up ; whereof the mower
Fills not, nor he that binds the sheaves

.....

PSALM CXXX.

OUT of the depths I've call'd to thee, O Lord,
Lord, hear my voice, that deprecates thy wrath.
If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight shall stand? But mercy e'er
Is with thee, therefore thou shalt feared be.
I looked for the Lord, my soul doth wait
For him, and in his word is my whole trust.
My soul hath waited for the Lord before
The watch, I say before the morning watch.
Let Israel hope in God, for with the Lord
Is mercy, and abundant grace with him :
He Israël shall save from all his sins.

PSALM CXXXI.

I AM not, Lord, high-minded, nor mine eyes
Lofty; I do not exercise myself

AS A CHILD TAKEN FROM HIS MOTHER
My soul is even as a weaned child.
Let Israel place his trust in God the I
From this time forth to ages without e

PSALM CXXXII.

DAVID, and all his trouble, think on, I
How to the Lord he sware, and vow'd
Unto the mighty God of Jacob: I
Into the tabernacle of my house
Will never come, nor go up to my bed
Sleep to mine eyes, nor slumber will I
Till I find out a temple for the Lord,
An habitation too for Jacob's God.
At Enbrata the ark was heard of. there

Before his footstool ; Lord, into thy rest
Arise both thou, and of thy ark the strength.
With right'ousness let all thy priests be cloth'd,
Let thy saints shout for joy. For David's sake
The face of thine anointed ne'er avert.
The Lord to David a firm oath hath made,
From which he 'll not depart ; there shall not fail
One of thy seed to sit upon thy throne.
The testimonies if thy children keep
That I to them shall teach, their children too
Shall sit upon thy seat for evermore.
The Lord hath chosen Sion for his seat,
His habitation ; this my rest for ev'r ;
Here will I dwell, herein is my delight.
Her stores with increase I will bless ; her poor
Will satisfy with bread ; her priests will clothe
With health, and all her saints shall shout for
joy.
The horn of David there shall bud ; his lamp
Shall ever shine : as for his enemies,

I'll cover them with shame ; but on his head
His crown shall shine with lustre ever new.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How blest the brethren that together dwell
In unity and love ! 'tis like the balm
That ran from Aaron's head down o'er his vest.
'Tis like the dew of Hermon, or the dew
Which fell on Sion's hill ; for there the Lord
His blessing promis'd—life for evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV.

BEHOLD, now bless the Lord, all ye that are
The servants of the Lord, which stand by night
Of our God in the house. Lift up your hands
In holiness, and praise the Lord : the Lord
Of heav'n and earth from Sion shall thee bless.

PSALM CXXXV.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye servants of the Lord ;
All ye that minister before the Lord
Of his house in the courts, praise ye the Lord ;
Sing praises to his name, for pleasant 'tis.
The Lord hath chosén Jacob to himself,
And Israël for his own treasure held.
The Lord is great, our Lord above all gods.
The Lord hath done whatever pleased him
In heav'n, or earth, or in the ocean's depths.
The clouds he formeth, sendeth forth the rain
With lightnings, from his treasures the winds,
Egypt's first-born he smote, both man and beast.
Tokens and wonders in the midst of thee,
O Egypt, on thy king, his people all
The Lord hath sent. Great nations, mighty kings
He smote ; Schon king of the Amorites,

An heritage to Jacob's chosen seed.
Thy name, O Lord, and thy memorial
For endless generations shall endure.
The Lord is mindful of his people, he
In midst of judgement upon mercy thinks.
The idols made with silver and with gold
Are all the work of men : though mouths
 have,
Yet speak they not; though eyes, yet they see
Though ears, they hear not, neither in their
Is any breath ; that made them all such things
And such all those that in them put their
O praise the Lord, ye house of Israël !
Ye house of Aaron, praise his holy name
O praise the Lord, all ye of Levi's house

PSALM CXXXVI.

GIVE thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,
And his great mercy shall for ever last.
O thank the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords,
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
Who only works most wonderful performs,
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
He rais'd the hills above the wat'ry deep ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
He made great lights ; the sun to rule the day,
The moon and stars to hold their course by night ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
Egypt with their first-born he smote, and set
The sons of Jacob from their bondage free ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
He with a mighty hand and stretch'd-out arm
The sea divided, made his people pass
E'en through the midst of it : as for their foes,

The tyrant and his host, he them subdu'd,
And overwhelm'd with the returning waves ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
He led his people through the wilderness ;
He smote great kings, and mighty kings he slew ;—
Schon king of the Amorites, and Og
The king of Bashan ;—gave their lands to be
An heritage to Jacob's chosen seed ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
Us he remember'd when in great distress,
He from our enemies redeemed us ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.
He giveth food to all ; let all give thanks
Unto our Lord, the God of heav'n most high ;
For his great mercy shall for ever last.

PSALM CXXXVII.

As on Euphrates' banks we lay, we wept
When we remember'd Sion ; all our harps

We nanged on the willow-trees therein :
For they that led us captive ask'd of us
A song and melody amidst our woe ;—
' Come, sing us one of Sion's songs.' Can we
Sing thy songs, Sion, in a foreign laud ?
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget the tuneful art ;
If I speak not of thee, then let my tongue
Cleave to my palate,—if Jerusalem
Prefer I not above my greatest joy.
Remember Edom, Lord, how in that day
When they the city sack'd, ' Raze it,' they cried,
' Raze it, O raze it, even to the ground.'
Daughter of Babylon, the time will come
When all our woes shall be repaid on thee.
Blessed be those who shall thy children take,
And dash their heads against the solid rocks.

WITH my whole heart I thee will praise,
Before e'en kings I will sing praise to
Toward thy holy temple I'll bow down
And praise thy name, thy kindness, and
For thou thy name and truth hast magnified
When I upon thee call'd, thou heardest
And thou my soul enduedst with great power
All kings that hear thy words shall

Lord ;

And through the world thy glory shall
For though the Lord be high, yet he
The lowly, but the proud regardeth not
Though I with trouble am beset, yet thou
Wilt me revive, thy hand thou wilt stretch
And thy right hand shall save me from

Thy mercy, Lord, for ever shall endure ;
Despise not then the works of thine own hands.

PSALM CXXXIX.

Thou, Lord, hast search'd me out ; to thee 'tis
known
Both when I lay me down, and when I rise ;
My thoughts thou know'st before they 're known
to me.

Thou art about my path, about my bed,
Thou scest all my ways ; lo, in my tongue
No word, O Lord, that is conceal'd from thee.
Before, behind, on ev'ry side, thy hand
Lies heavy on me ; great and wonderful
Such knowledge ! to it I can ne'er attain.
Then whither from thy spirit shall I go ?
Or whither from thy presence shall I flee ?—
If I ascend to heav'n, thou, Lord, art there ;
If I go down to hell, there too thou art.

Myself

Shall lead me, and thy right hand hold me
If I should call upon the shades of night
To cover me, night would be turn'd to day
The darkness hideth not from thee, the light
Shines as the mid-day sun as clear; to thee
The darkness and the light are both alike
My reins thou madest, in my mother's womb
Hast cover'd me; how wonderful thy works
From thee my substance was not hid when
Was form'd in secret, fashioned beneath
As in the bowels of the earth; thine eyes
Did see my substance though not yet created
And in thy book were all my members
Which day by day thy plastic hand prepared
How precious are thy thoughts to me,

Thy presence I adore. Blood-thirsty men
Drive from thy presence, all thine enemies
Who dare blaspheme and take thy name in vain
All those that hate thy name, O Lord, I hate ;
All those that rise against thee, I abhor ;
Thine enemies are mine. My heart, O God,
Examine, search into my inmost thoughts,
And see if any wicked way's in me ;
Lead me, O lead me in th' unerring way.

PSALM CXL.

O LORD, preserve me from the wicked man,
Whose heart's replete with mischief: all day long
Against me they conspire ; their forked tongues
Like serpents they dart out ; under their lips
Lurketh the adder's poison. Keep me, Lord,
Save me, O save me from ungodly men,
Whose purpose 't is my goings to subvert.
For me they have laid snares, have spread their
nets,

THE FORCE OF MY PETITIONS HEAR, O LORD
God of my strength! Thou, when the ba
As with an helmet hast secur'd my head
Grant not, O Lord, the wicked man's c
Let not his vile devices prosper, lest
He swell with pride. The mischief of
Let fall on those that compass me abo
Let burning coals fall on them; let the
Giv'n to the flames, and cast into the p
That they may never rise again from th
Let not the man of strife upon the ear
Establish'd be, the man of violence!
Let evil hunt him to his overthrow.
The poor man's right, and the afflicted'
God will defend. The right'ous shall gi
Unto thy name. shall in thy presence d

PSALM CXLI.

I CALL upon thee, Lord, make haste to me,
Give ear unto my voice, and let my pray'r
Be in thy sight as incense ; let my hands
Up-lifted be an ev'ning sacrifice :
My mouth, my lips, do thou, O Lord, observe ;
Let not my heart to any evil thing
Inclined be, to practise wicked works
With wicked men ; let me not eat with such.
Let the just man rebuke me, his reproof
Will be a fragrant unguent on my head.
I even for mine enemies will pray,
And they shall own the sweetness of my words ;
Though they 'mong rocks and caverns lie in
wait
Us to destroy, and scatter our remains
Like the wood-hewer's fragments on the earth ;
To thee, O Lord, I will lift up mine eyes,

AND FROM THE TRAPS OF EVIL WICKED MEN
Let them be caught in their own
thou,
O Lord, shalt make a way for my esc

PSALM CXLII.

I CRY'D unto the Lord, before the Lord
I pour'd my plaints, and of my trouble
My heart within me when in heaviness,
Thou knew'st my path : they in my way
Snares for me ; on my right hand I behe
And none would know me ; I could find
Of refuge ; no man cared for my soul.
To thee, O Lord, I cry'd ; thou art my
My portion thou, attend unto my cry

Bring my soul out of prison, that thy name
I may praise ever ; then shall right'ous men
Resort unto me for thy goodness' sake.

PSALM CXLIII.

My supplications hear, O Lord, give ear
Unto my pray'r, and in thy faithfulness
Answer thou me : in judgement enter not
With me, for in thy sight no man is just.
My soul mine enemies have vex'd, have griev'd,
And smitten down my life e'en to the ground ;
In darkness with the dead I seem to dwell.
My soul within me is distress'd, my heart
Within me desolate ; the days of old
I still remember, still I meditate
On all thy works ; the works of thy great
pow'r.
My hands to thee I stretch forth ; and my soul
Thirsteth for thee, as a dry land for rain.

My spirit faileth; hear me speedily,
 Hear me, O Lord, lest I be like to them
 That go down mourning to the silent grave.
 Thy loving-kindness teach me, Lord, to know
 Before the day-spring, for in thee I trust.
 Teach me to know the way I should walk
 in.

For unto thee do I lift up my soul.
 From all mine enemies deliver me;
 To thee I fly for help; teach me thy will,
 Teach me to tread the paths of righteousness.
 O quicken me for thy name's sake, and free
 My soul from trouble; slay mine enemies,
 Them that afflict my soul do thou destroy;
 Thy servant I, in thee my trust repose.

PSALM CXLIV.

Blessed be God my strength, who taught my
 hands

To war, my fingers who prepar'd to fight ;
My hope, my fortress, my deliverèr ;
My shield in whom I trust, who to my will
Subjects my people. Lord, what then is man,
That thou regard'st him ? what the son of man
That thou respectest him ? Man is a thing
Of nought ; his time a shadow gliding by.
Bow down thy heav'ns, O Lord, and thence
 descend ;
The mountains touch, and they shall smoke; send
 forth
The shafts thy lightnings, and consume thy foes.
Send from above thine hand, deliver me
From furious waves, from all mine enemies :
Their mouth's replete with lies, and their right
 hand
Is a right hand of wickedness. My God,
To thee I'll sing, to thee attune the lyre,
And on a ten-string'd lute will praise thy name.
Thou givest victory to kings, and thou

The eyes of all, O Lord, upon thee look,
And in due season thou wilt give them food.
Thou openest thine hand, and ev'ry thing
That lives thou fillest with thy plenteousness.
Righteous in all his ways, in all his works
The Lord is holy ; he is ever nigh
To all that invoke his name in truth.
All their desires he will fulfil ; their cry
Will hear ; and save them from their enemies.
All them that love him he preserves, but those
That wickedness pursue he will destroy.
My mouth shall speak the praises of the Lord ;
And let all flesh for ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLVI.

MY soul, praise thou the Lord ; long as I live,
While I have any being, I'll sing praise
Unto my God. In princes put no trust,
Nor in the son of man, who cannot help.

For when his breath departeth, he returns
Unto his earth, and perish all his thoughts.
Happy is he whose help is Jacob's God,
Whose hope is in the Lord, who heav'n and earth,
The sea, and all that is therein, hath made :
Who keepeth truth for ever, helpeth them
To right that suffer wrong, the hungry feeds,
The pris'ner's chains unbinds, and sets him free.
He to the blind restores his sight ; the Lord
Up-raiseth those that are by wrong oppress'd ;
His care is for the just ; the fatherless,
The widow, and the strangers he defends ;
The wicked he destroyeth in their way.
The Lord shall reign for ever, e'en thy God,
O Sion, unto ages without end.

PSALM CXLVII.

O PRAISE the Lord, sing praises to our God ;
How sweet, how pleasant 't is to praise his name !

The brok'n in heart he healeth, bindeth
Their wounds, and med'cine in their sickn
The stars he numb'reth, calleth by their
Great is our Lord, in pow'r excelling al
In wisdom infinite ; he setteth up
The meek, the wicked throweth to the g
O sing unto the Lord a song of thanks,
Sing praises on the harp unto our God ;
The heav'n he covereth with clouds, the
He for the earth prepareth ; maketh gras
Upon the hills to grow : he giveth food
To ev'ry beast, and hears the ravens' cry
The strength of horses, and the might of
Regards he not ; but his delight's in tho
That fear his name, and in his mercy tru

He makes, and feeds thee with the finest flour.
He sends forth his decrees, which fly more swift
Than lightning: snow as white as wool he sheds,
Like ashes scattereth the hoary frost:
He poureth forth his hail-stones; with his ice
Bindeth the floods; who can sustain his cold?
Again he speaks the word, and melteth them;
He bloweth with his wind, the waters flow.
His word to Jacob he hath shown, his laws,
His ordinances to all Israël.
To other nations shews he not his ways,
Nor to the heathen are his statutes known.

PSALM CXLVIII.

PRAISE God, who dwelleth in the heav'ns most
high;
Praise him, ye angels, praise him, all his hosts.
Thou sun that shin'st by day, and thou by night,
O moon, and ev'ry star, praise ye his name.

Created you, and man for ever fix'd.
Ye dragons, and all deeps, fire, hail, a
And winds his words fulfilling, praise
Mountains and hills, cedars, and fruitf
Beasts and all cattle, things that creep
Or fly in air : ye princes of the world,
With all your people, praise his holy n
Young men and maidens, children and
Praise ye Jchovah's name ; his name al
Is excellent above the heav'n and earth.
His people he exalteth ; all his saints
Shall praise him, e'en thy sons, O Israe

PSALM CXLIX.

SING to the Lord a new and holy song

All Sion's sons be joyful in their king.
 In solemn dance with timbrel and with harp
 Let them extol his praise, for his delight
 Is in his saints ; he saves the meek in heart.
 Let them rejoice aloud upon their beds ;
 Jehovah's praises be in ev'ry mouth,
 In ev'ry hand a two-edg'd sword prepar'd
 To be aveng'd of all the heathen host,
 To bind their kings with chains, their mighty men
 With iron fetters, and to execute
 The judgement due ; such honour have his saints.

PSALM CL.

GOD in his sanctuary praise, O praise
 Him in the firmament of his great pow'r.
 Praise him for all his mighty, noble arts ;
 To his surpassing greatness give due praise.
 Sound in his name the trumpet, and with harp
 And lute adapted make a joyful sound.
 Praise him with cymbals ; on the strings and pipe,
 With loud, high-sounding cymbals praise ye him.
 Let ev'ry creature breathing praise the Lord.

THY acts, great God, heav'n's lofty se
With awful wonder shall repeat ;
Thee, Lord, heav'n's hosts their ruler c
Thee might unbounded, thee alone
With endless majesty has crown'd,
And faith unsullied vests thee round.
By thee this orb to being rose,
And all that nature's bounds inclose.
That orb amid the wat'ry waste
Thy hands, blest architect, have plac'd
And bid th' unfathomable deep
Beneath its firm foundations sleep ;
Or when fierce tempests swell its tide,
'T is thine the tempest's rage to guide.
The heav'n above, and earth below,
Thee, Lord, their great possessor ha

ON THE OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

WIDE o'er the sons of earth his eye
The Pow'r Eternal from on high
Extends, (that pow'r whose hand with art
Mysterious forms the human heart),
Through life's wild maze their steps pursues,
Each act, each thought attentive views.
Darkness, great God, to thee there 's none ;
Darkness and light to thee are one ;
Not brighter shines to thee display'd
The noon, than night's obscurest shade.
Searcher of hearts, my thoughts review ;
With kind severity pursue
Through each disguise thy servant's mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
Guide through th' eternal path my feet,
And bring me to thy blissful seat.

**ÆTERNE rerum conditor et paren.
Cui cœla, tellus, æquora serviunt:
Immane quantum dignitate
In populos dominaris omni**

**Convexa cœli càm laquearia,
Dextræ potentis mirificum decus,
Admiror, intentusque lustrò
Sidera, noctivagamque luna**

**Submissus inquam, Quantulus est h
Quem sempiternâ munificentîâ
Dignaris ex alto intueri,
Non secus ac pueros parenti**

**Parùm minorem, tu Deus, angelis
Illum ordinasti cœlicolis. novo**

Boves, et arvis innumeri greges,
Feræque silvis, ac volucrum genus,
Pisces pererrantes profundum,
Terricolam dominum fatentur.

Æterne rerum conditor et parens,
Cui cœla, tellus, æquora serviunt,
Immane quantum dignitate
In populos dominaris omnes !

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